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LEGENDARY TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. VI.

M'DAVY'S BARD.

'Oh for the *harps* of former times!' when the men 'who bore them' were usually presented with a score beeves for a single night's performance—when they rode through the country, attended by a hundred horsemen, and when the colours of their coat—like the tails of a mandarin—indicated the degree of estimation in which they were regarded. These were the times when the chord was struck to some *tune*, and had it pleased Providence to have sent me into the world in those days, I should not have been a harper; for I never could distinguish 'Croppies lie down' from 'Patrick's Day in the Morning';—but I should have made an excellent *Racarie*—for I can tell a story. I might have had the honour of *hushoing* a crowned head to repose by a delightful romance; and of having charmed princely maidens by reciting heroic deeds of chivalry. But, alas! I was born under an evil planet. Royalty has been sadly shorn of its honours; palaces are not to be entered every day; and the 'sons of song,' in Ireland, are obliged to carry their own harp, and delight other ears than those of lordly patrons.

Shade of Carolan! I would not speak slightly of the art in which thou excelled, or of the profession in which thou wert at once an ornament and a connecting link between two opposite periods—namely, when the harper was honoured, and when the harper became neglected. I know no more of melody than a blind man does of colours; but still, judging abstractedly, the usual concomitants of a national taste for music have been such as to create in my mind a great contempt for fiddlers. I hate both, but I have always preferred Astley's to the Opera House, and would go five miles round sooner than encounter Velluti, even in the street. Braham I can just endure; having once heard him sing 'Scots wha hae,' but the whole race of *warblers* would

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have been long since exerting their 'sweet voices' to charm a parish overseer, had all men been of my mind—and more men are of my mind than choose to confess it. Shame! what a want of taste! May be so; but, in the first place, I can't help it; and, in the next place, I have learnt to look upon John Bull as the model of a 'proper man.' Now, John, it is true, is a great, big, fool. He wishes to be thought what he is not, and which if he were he would be despicable; and therefore he affects to be pleased while created and *un-created* things from Italy are picking his pocket with both hands, at the same time that they are vainly labouring to tickle his ears with shakes and quavers. He might as well wish for the wens of the Swiss as for the ears of an Italian; and where is his loss? Music has ever been the solace of slaves, and never became the business of a people who were either free or brave. When Greece became 'all ear' they became all slaves, and the same may be said of Rome. The Italians are the best fiddlers in Europe at the present day, and they are certainly—nothing else.

Perhaps music is not the cause but the effect—a sweet thrown into the cup of bitterness, and this at least would seem to be the case in Ireland. Originally the harp was a martial instrument; *strung* with *wire*, it emitted no sounds but those which awakened the fiercer passions, but no sooner had the English fortune-hunters overrun the country—no sooner had independence been superseded by subserviency, than the harp changed its harmony, and 'breathed soft notes of woe.' The voluptuous airs of Italy were engrafted on the parent stalk, and the fruit was relished only while the 'dark chain of silence' endured. This proves my theory; liberty was no sooner desired than music fell into comparative neglect, and though a thousand harpers once wandered honoured through the land, hardly one

is now to be met with. One or two taverns in Dublin are supplied from Wales, yet the 'Irish harper' is still to be found—a mere beggarman—in the remoter districts.

Not long since I overtook one on the road from Kenmare to Killarney, near Bearnageer, or the Windy-gap. He was bending under the weight of years, and had his harp, wrapped up in an old carpet, slung upon his back.

'I wundher,' says he, after the first salutation was over, 'if Isleen is out to-day.

'Whom?' I enquired,

'Isleen Killmhuin.* The Lord save us, 'tisn't long since she killed a poor boy here below.'

'Kill a boy! she ought to have been hanged.'

'Hanged!' replied the harper, 'how would you catch her?'

'Why not?'

'Uch, nothin, ony she's a spirit avich. Some years ago she lived in a cabin above there, an supported herself by tellin forthunes, cuttin cards, an tossin cups, an 'tis supposed, asthore, that since her death she has murdered several people on this road, an a lone-some place it is, God knows, as any in all Kerry.'

'Odd indeed.'

'Musha no, not so odd neather; for there was an ould woman who followed the same *line* near the church of Rockville, and afther her birn nothin would sarve her turn but come to kill her omudhain of a son who lived in a house foreninst the gate, an would have finished 'im ony for the roost cock who jumped upon the bed, flapped his wings, like any Christhan, an crowed for the bare life till the ghost went away.†

'Then we are in a dangerous road.'

'Troth you may say that, an myself is right glad to have your company if you're goin my way.'

'I am going to Killarney.'

'Well then, I'll be wid you a great part o' the road, for I'm goin to a pattrern at the ould Abbey, to strive an pick up a few pence to keep the teeth goin.'

* *Islain Ceallmhuin*, the fortune-teller, literally the humble oracle.

† Verbatim, as I heard it. It was currently reported, some months ago, that Isleen had caused the death of several persons near the Windy-gap, a desolate, lonely place. The bodies exhibited no marks of violence.

‡ King.

|| The late Right Rev. Dr. Milner was very angry with the Irish people for regard-

'You're a harper, I presume.'

'Musha I am, for want of a bettther, but troth that same is now a poor business; people are bettther plased with their screech-alls of bagpipes an fiddles, an Lord knows what, nor wid their own beautiful harp—the very pictthur of the nation. Uch the harper is thought nothin about by the great nor the wealthy.'

'It was not so once.'

'Oh, no, no,' he replied, giving his instrument a jerk upon his back, 'time was when harpers was as welcome as flowers in May, every where. Colliges was built purposely for teachin 'em, and they were the greatest people in the whole kingdom, barren the king 'imself. They had men to carry their harps for 'em, an never wanted as much as a meal's victuals, an they desarved it all; they made the soger fight, an the poet write, but troth they were poets themselves, an nothin could surpass their gratitude an love for those who befriended 'em.' 'You've hard,' he continued, 'of Riah† Conroy M'Davy?'

'Yes, I believe Keating mentions him.'

'Troth an sure he does, if he minshens any thing, for Conroy M'Davy was king of all Munster, an lived somewhere hereabouts in Kerry. He had a head harper whose name was *Shein Agartach*, § an M'Davy was pleased wid his bard, and why but he would, since he surpassed all men in playin upon the harp. He composed war-songs, battle-songs, love-songs, an drinkin songs; nothing came amiss for 'im, fur he was a real jenuse entirely.'

'Well, as I was sayin, Conroy M'Davy was king of Munster, an Cuchullin was king of Ulster. In those days things were'nt as they are now, oh, no, by the powers, for instead of the English invadin us, we invaded England, an carried off the flower of their flocks, as well as men, women, an children.|| To be sure it was a burnin shame to lave people faderless an modherless, but troth

§ Revengeful John.

they had no harm in the wourld in it, it was all for a mere *spuddoch*,* an nothin else, to show the Sassenachs how little they cared about 'em; Lord bless your sowl, every man was as big as two men, an could beat the wourld afore 'im.

* M'Davy an Cuchullin agreed to head an expedition into England or Wales; the one lead the northern an tother the southern forces. They were'nt long about it, avich, an among others brought home wid 'em the beautiful *Corabawn*,† the king of England's daughter. They were no sooner at home, however, than they quarrelled about their prize, Cuchullin sed she ought to be his, an M'Davy sed she ought to be his; an so egad they came to blows. The King of Munster proved victorious, and to mend the matter disgraced the Prince of Ulster by cutting off his hair, for in those days such a thing was held grossly dishonorable, the *couleen* being a mark of distinction. You've hard of the air composed by a great great grandfather o' mine when a law was passed to make us cut our locks an shave our beards, though now, avich, every officer you meet in Killarney have got hair on his upper lip like a tom-cat.

† But that's not the story; well, as I was sayin, Cuchullin was bet an disgraced, but faith for all that the lady had a gragh for 'im—a kind of dirty regard, an he used to come alone to see his *Corabawn* anownst to M'Davy. You know Loop-head, in the County Clare, well, that was anshantly called *Leim Cuchullin*,‡ bekase the Ulster

King bein ashamed to appear abroad widout his hair, an wantin at the same time to see *Corabawn*, he used to take a running leap from Loop-head into the kingdom of Kerry.§ One day while M'Davy was out hunten, Cuchullin came as afore, an agreed wid the fair *Corabawn* to murder the King o' Munster, an the way they done't was this—Cuchullin went out o' the way, an when M'Davy was taken his nap, bein tired wid the chace, his misthress went an powered a pailful of butter-milk into the river that run by where the Ulster King was waiten: when he saw it he started up, an comin unawares upon M'Davy, took 'im by the coulaan, an whips off his head while you'd be blessin yourself, an then runs away wid his prize.

¶ When Shein-Agartach hard of what happened his masther he became very disconsolate, an longed for revenge. Aftir composin a most beautiful keen that would melt the hart of steel, he takes his harp on his back, an a stick in his hand, an sets off hot-foot for the black North. He soon found out Cuchullin's palace, an well become 'im, he watched his opportunity, an when *Corabawn* an her king were walkin alone by themselves on the top of a very steep rock, he stole a-hind 'em, anownst to any body, an catching both in his arms he plunged wid 'em down to the bottom, where the whole three, Shein an all, was dashed into smithereens.' 'Now,' continued the bard, 'that is what I call the decent thing; an did'nt they richly deserve what they got?'

ing the English invasion as an evil. He looked upon it, at the most, only as a just retribution for the misery the ancient Irish were in the constant habit of inflicting on the Britons in their marauding excursions on the English coast. On one of these occasions they carried off, amongst others, St. Patrick, then a boy. Besides, in the twelfth century, he assures us the orthodoxy of the Irish Church was more than doubtful; for in addition to their baptizing children in milk, the Archbishop of Armagh was a perfect Turk, having no less than six wives at one and the same time. The Doctor's knowledge of Irish history and antiquities was, however, but very mediocre.

* Sport.

† Literally, White-peace—a singular title for one who occasioned so much contention; but even in our day how often do we hear a virago called Betty, or Elizabeth, which signifies *peace of the Lord*.

‡ Cuchullin's-leap.

§ The reader will doubtless consider this a real bounce—but whether by Cuchullin or the bard I leave to his better judgment.

THE RESOURCES OF SOUTH AMERICA.*

If jealous and permanent restrictions on trade and commerce could have made a people wealthy, and if intolerance in religion—a complete union between church and state, could have made a people moral and happy, the South Americans ought to have been the most prosperous and the most pious people on the habitable globe. The reverse, however, has been the case. The descendants of the brave, though not always humane, Spaniards, who first took possession of this vast peninsula have sadly degenerated. They have sunk in the scale of civilization almost below that of the Indians,† and though nature, ever prodigal, still spreads her offerings around, the debased and semi-barbarous South American starves.—‘In the midst of nature’s bounty curst,’ he is a living instance of what man—even civilized man—may become under the deadly influence of a despotic government, while the history of his sufferings demonstrates the baneful effects of religious intolerance, and political interference with the obvious rights of mankind.

As we shall, in another place, have to glance at the manners and customs of the people, we shall here confine ourselves to more serious enquiries respecting the resources of the country.

Our author is an intelligent Englishman, who did not visit South America for the purpose of favoring the world with an account of his travels—that was entirely an afterthought; his original object was a laudable one—that of serving first himself and next the good people of Chile. In January 1819, he sailed

for South America, taking with him his wife, a physician, six or seven English engineers, and upwards of one hundred and seventy tons of machinery and implements. In conjunction with his partner he had embarked a capital of twenty thousand pounds in an undertaking of great magnitude, that of refining, rolling, and manufacturing copper into sheathing. No man but John Bull, for John after all is the eighth wonder of the world, could possibly have done this; but it was enough for our enterprising adventurers to be told by the Chilean government, and the Chilean deputies in London, that copper of fine quality was to be procured in abundance from the mines of Chile, and could be purchased there for about half the price it bore in the English market. They represented all the copper to be exported in a crude state for want of machinery and knowledge to refine it. The utmost protection was to be afforded to any one who should undertake an enterprise of such vast importance to the infant state. But these were hollow and fallacious representations. ‘My case,’ says our author, ‘was simply thus: owing to the flattering inducements held out to me, and the promises of protection from the government of Chile which I received, I ventured to export, at an incredible risk, an immense train of machinery for the purpose of refining and manufacturing copper into sheathing for the consumption of America and the East Indian market. I invested in machinery and implements no less a sum than 40,000 dollars, besides an equal sum which I expended in forming my establishments in Chile: the

* ‘Travels in Chile and La Plata, including accounts respecting the Geography, Geology, Statistics, Government, Finances, Agriculture, Manners and Customs, and the mining operations in Chile. Collected during a residence of several years in these countries. By John Miers. 2 Vols. London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1826.’

† It has been well observed by a learned professor that an approximation between civilized and savage men is always beneficial to the latter, but injurious to the former. The one ascends in the scale of moral being while the other generally descends. This was the case on the irruption of the barbarians into the Roman empire, and it has been decidedly the case in South America. The Indians are superior to the Spaniards in many attainments, and are quite as humane. They are still, however, savages, and, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, they were savages from the beginning. The Peruvians the Mexicans, &c. received an ideal character in consequence of Spanish policy, hitherto little understood.

obstacles that stood in the way of my success are detailed in another place; but, independently of these, every little selfish engine, every malicious obstacle that could be invented, were thrown in my way, no less by some of the principal officers of the government, than by powerful individuals of the country.'—Vol. II. P. 276.

And he gives an instance of a vexatious law-suit. 'Disgusted with the proceedings, despairing of the least chance of obtaining justice, perceiving the growing disturbances of the times, and the still less chance for security of property in the country, conscious that every engine was at work to ruin my views, the hopelessness of any success in my flour speculation to Peru, while the government refused to protect my interests, or second my endeavours, I resolved to abandon so hopeless an enterprise, in which I had sunk so much money, and directed my steps to Buenos Ayres, on hearing of the intention of that government to erect a national mint. I felt confident that in treating with the government of Buenos Ayres, I was upon surer ground than I had hitherto been in Chile. I observed, that this people, by the extension of education, were rapidly outgrowing their more violent prejudices; and, profiting by the experience of many years of active revolution, had learned to reason, to judge for themselves, and had established among them a public opinion, which exists no where else in South America.'—Vol. II. P. 286.

As might be expected, Mr. Miers is very severe on the people of Chile; but they deserve but little mercy at his hands. They appear to have all the vices of a proud, poor, and degraded people.

'The egotism and self-conceit of the Chilenos are proportioned to their ignorance, and they pride themselves in not requiring the knowledge of books: they have indeed scarcely any, nor can they endure the trouble of reading those they have. I remember that the president of the senate, a man looked up to by his countrymen as a sort of oracular authority, boasted he had not looked

into a book for thirty years, and another principal officer of the government, who prides himself on being a learned man, made a similar boast, insinuating thereby that to him book knowledge was unnecessary. Books, therefore, are very scarce, and unsought for among them.'—Vol. II. P. 255, 256.

The 'Dublin and London,' would have a poor chance of finding readers there.

'Few are to be met with who entertain the most distant idea of geography, or even the topography of their own country: they are as ignorant of the relative situation of the different states of Spanish America as they are in respect to other parts of the world; many among the best informed people have inquired of me if England were in London, or London in England, or India close to it, and other similar questions. I have found the same incredible ignorance among the *letrados*, the learned doctors of the law. Education can scarcely be said to exist among them. In the country parts, as I have already observed, schools are absolutely unknown, and, even in the capital, instruction is at the lowest ebb: there are a few schools where a small number of boys are taught reading, writing, and notation; but arithmetic, grammar, and languages, are reserved alone for the students of the university.'—Vol. II. P. 254.

Amongst their other bad qualities lying and thieving stand conspicuous.

'The Chilenos are guilty of the most barefaced falsehoods, and where proof is brought against them from which they can no longer shuffle, they will turn round with incredible effrontery, and persist they were only joking, or endeavouring to surprise you. This belongs to their character, from high to low.

'However honest in their commercial dealings and payments, they are only so from necessity, and not from any moral conviction: so mean do they often show themselves, that in extensive mercantile purchases the most respectable of the shopkeepers will steal trifling articles whenever they can do so unnoticed.

I have met several English merchants, who have assured me of the fact as of frequent occurrence. I entered lately into a merchant's store, where a shop-keeper had been purchasing goods of about 2,000 dollars in value, for which he paid ready money, and dispatched them to his house by hired peons: in putting them up he contrived to slip from an adjoining heap a cotton shawl, worth no more than a dollar and a half, which he concealed among the woollen cloths he had been purchasing: yet the merchant assured me he would readily give the same man credit to the amount of 10,000 dollars. This kind of petty theft is common among Chilenos of the highest repute and of the richest classes. I cannot avoid mentioning two remarkable instances of this among the better class of females. Both occurred to Lady Cochrane. The first was at a ball given at the house of the American consul, where, on her entrance into the room, she was met by three Chileno ladies of the first respectability, who, with overpowering civilities, embraced her one after the other, according to the fashion of the country on wishing to display great esteem: at this time a valuable diamond brooch was taken from her dress; she quickly missed it on perceiving a part of the dress torn away; a general search was made about the room in vain, the trinket was lost. About a twelvemonth afterwards a clergyman called upon Lady Cochrane, desiring to see her in private, when he delivered to her the lost jewel, saying that, during confession, a lady had disclosed to him the criminal act, that he insisted on its restoration to its rightful owner as the first means of atonement. The clergyman of course did not disclose the name of the lady, but it was sufficient to know she was of a most respectable family. The other instance occurred to her on a visit from three ladies belonging to one of the first families in Chile; they begged a sight of her baby linen to take some patterns for themselves. A drawer of lace caps, &c. was brought out, one after another was admired, but on putting them up again she missed three valuable lace

caps and several pieces of lace that were folded up in paper: she immediately informed her visitors that these articles were missing, and on their rising from the sofa, as if to search for them, there fell upon the floor the parcel, wrapped in a pocket handkerchief belonging to one of the visitors. Another instance of a somewhat suspicious character occurred in Lord Cochrane's house: he had a little rose-wood cabinet containing a number of medals and coins, a gold watch, several jewels and valuable relics of family antiquity that he prized highly: during his absence on a cruise this cabinet disappeared from the drawing-room; many inquiries were made about it, applications were also made to the governor, the servants were examined, rewards offered, all in vain: some months afterwards Lady Cochrane, on making a visit to the daughter of the governor, saw, in an adjoining room, the door of which was left inadvertently open, the lost cabinet. She immediately claimed her property, which was denied to be the same; she insisted upon its being brought out, and upon the governor being called from his office, the matter was discussed: the governor assured Lady Cochrane that he had not the slightest idea the cabinet was the one lost; his daughter had bought it of a soldier, but that it was then empty; they had never seen anything of the other lost property. The cabinet was restored: it was remarkable as being the only thing of the sort ever seen in Chile, and must have been noticed frequently by the governor and his daughter in their visits to Lord Cochrane's house.—Vol. II. P. 243—246.

The peasantry, of course, copy the example of their betters, and are most expert thieves. They have, however, some good qualities.

'Chilenos who will rob other persons will take care of their master's property, and it is not often that they abuse confidence reposed in them. A person may travel over all parts of the country without the least fear of robbery; the only places where I have heard of highway robbery have been on the road between Santiago and Valparaiso. Highway robbery is in-

deed extremely rare in Chile; the instances known have generally been instigated by revenge, or resulted from drunken quarrels: the few instances that have come to my knowledge in other parts of the country have been from the freaks of renegade sons of hacendados.'—Vol. II. P. 248.

Of the clergy our author speaks with apparent malignity of purpose; where church and state have been so closely united as in South America, we do not expect that intelligence, piety, and singleness of heart, which are so peculiar to the Catholic clergy of Ireland; but still we cannot believe that even in Chile priests and friars are such abandoned men as they are described, and we are the more inclined to this opinion from the fact of Mr. Miers condemning them for conduct which we must approve,—namely, the compelling of the seducer to marry the woman he had seduced. When the restoration of Lady Cochrane's property, through the influence of the confessor, is coupled with this, we may well persist in our scepticism respecting the vices attributed to the clergy of South America. They might have been better men, perhaps, but without them would the people be even as moral as they are?

Respecting the resources and wealth of South America there has been gross exaggeration. 'It has been the practice,' says Mr. Miers, 'of every one greatly to over-rate every thing connected with South America, and it will take some time to remove the false impressions current in the world as to the general and local nature of the country. Phantoms of wealth and power, and of influence, have been created to feed the cupidity of the Spaniards; the population, resources, and capabilities of the soil have been magnified at every point to carry on this deception. No accounts of the country could be published but such as received the approbation of the Court of Spain; and every means were resorted to to enable the Spaniards to profit individually by the colonial system; while, to keep up the distinction and influence of the mother country, every opposition and degradation was offer-

ed to the Creoles. The whole population was kept in bigotry and ignorance. This deception has now been carried on for three centuries; but the time has arrived when the mask must be cast off the wizard skeleton, and the glitter removed from the imaginary treasures and the fancied paradises of the new world. The numbers of our intelligent countrymen who are engaged in different parts of this immense continent will afford us the necessary observations and matters of fact, and enable us to give to this country its true value, and to appreciate its actually existent available resources: already has it been seen that the boasted riches and luxurious magnificence of Peru must be classed with the visionary pictures of El Dorado; it has been shown to be a country barren and unproductive beyond all possible belief; incapable of traffic; presenting an inhospitable climate; bare of population; and its few inhabitants effeminate, indolent, and wanting of enterprise; its shores forbidding; and its boasted mines placed out of the reach of all beings except Indians, who, to be made to work them, must be treated as beings inferior to dogs.

'By dissolving the charm which, under the grossest deception, has smothered the earliest embryo development of the aboriginal people, the revolution, by calling forth the energies of the native Creoles, must gradually bring into action, and slowly expand into vigour, the natural resources of the soil. The true capabilities of these countries are of a very different cast from that which has been pictured by the Spaniards; a closer approach has deprived them of that dazzling mantle of gaudy tinsel, which, at a distance, excited the admiration of the credulous, and served to hide the native barrenness it was intended to conceal.

'Whatever the resources of these provinces may some day become, they cannot be forced onwards beyond the ordinary pace observed in other countries, which must be quick or slow in proportion to the wisdom and liberality, or the bigotry and tyranny of its government: under the most favorable circumstances its riches can only be brought into

light, and made productive of power and influence, by the increase and illumination of its population. The progress of population must necessarily be very slow, unless assisted by emigration; and it remains to be seen what success the experiment now attempting in Buenos Ayres and Entre Rios will meet with. In the first outset misunderstandings have arisen from unforeseen difficulties. One of the greatest points which the government have to attend to, in case they be really desirous of forwarding such measures, and of gaining the respect of the world, is the necessity of acting towards individuals with good faith and liberality—an axiom that seems to be beginning to be understood only in Buenos Ayres. One failure on the part of the government in this respect will require many years to re-establish a good opinion, and induce foreigners again to attempt the establishment of colonies.'—Vol. I. P. 264—267.

And elsewhere he observes, 'At a time when the attention of so many of our countrymen is directed to the employment of capital abroad, it is the more necessary that they should be undeceived respecting countries so much unknown, and yet so highly valued for their supposed capabilities for the employment of their capital. Throughout all South America there is scarcely any way of employing capital in a large way, more especially so in Chile and Peru. In the capacity of an *habilitador* of mines any one might advance small sums of money with a chance of considerable profit, but this, like our lotteries, is at a very hazardous risk, and more especially to a foreigner, but ill acquainted with the localities, customs, and character of the individuals of the country, who must feel repugnance in placing himself upon a level with the barbarous people he must have to deal with, and without which success in any case would be quite impossible, as a merchant or foreign capitalist has no chance of employing capital but in the traffic of the fruits of the country, or in the hazardous commerce in foreign goods. The consumption of foreign manufactures is at all times very limited; the introduction of a small

consignment of any one article immediately lowers the wholesale price to a losing account: indeed, the markets of Chile must continue to be very uncertain, as the supply is always sent at random, without any regard to the real consumption; most articles are therefore sent in great excess, and, consequently, sell to an immense loss, while others are so scarce at times as to be with difficulty obtained: goods sent from Europe are not *bonâ fide* mercantile adventures, but consignments sent, in comparatively small allotments by numerous adventurers and manufacturers at home unknown to one another, to British agents in Chile, who sell them to the best advantage; but who, after deducting their heavy commissions and charges, are seldom able to send home nett remittances above sixty or seventy per cent upon real invoices; so that the foreign trade of Chile entails in most cases a loss to the home adventurers. I will give a remarkable illustration in proof: within the last three years an auction establishment has been permitted in Valparaiso, where all allotments of damaged goods have been sold: and goods mildewed and injured by sea water, so as to be depreciated to half their value, have been sometimes sold at this auction at higher prices than the merchants were able to dispose of similar sound goods in their warehouses; the consequence was, that the merchants found it a more advantageous way of disposing of the sound goods than the regular way: this would seem inconsistent were it not for the petty nature of the trade of Chile. A mercantile agent cannot part the contents of a single package, whereas, in an auction, a single package, or a small number of pieces are allotted together in assortments better suited to the small means of the shopkeeper, who can afford to give proportionally higher prices for a small quantity than he can for a larger bulk: this is particularly the case in Manchester and Scotch goods, shawls, woollen cloths, &c. and shows upon how very limited a scale the trade of Chile can be carried on.

'In national produce but little chance exists of employing capital

to advantage, from the small amount of the demand and consumption, and the mode of bargaining, which can only be done by natives. Great difficulties oppose themselves to frequent interchanges of property, on account of the heavy expense in the conveyance of all produce and commodities. Suppose, for instance, any one desire to purchase a quantity of wheat in Aconcagua, or a quantity of copper in Illapel, he would find that the holder of the article would only bargain for its sale by a regular contract, signed by both parties, and the purchaser has to send at his own risk, the money in hard dollars, to the seller: purchases can only be made with money remittances, so that if large payments are to be effected, it is requisite that the purchaser should go himself with the money, and put himself to the inconvenience of riding a distance of from 100 to 300 miles, since few servants or dependants can be trusted with large sums: the usual mode of sending small sums in the way of payment, is by the *arriero* who delivers the goods, but the money goes in this case at the risk of the purchaser. These people are generally very honest; and yet, I must confess, I should be unwilling to trust the best of them with any large sum, as the temptation might be too great. The exchange is better effected between Santiago and Valparaiso, since in the former place there are two muleteers of considerable property, who take upon themselves the responsibility of delivering money entrusted to their servants at per centage upon its value; but this can be effected in no other part of the country.'—P. 337—340.

The following will account for the failure of the thousand and one mining schemes.

'Our countrymen at home are evidently deceived in imagining that the *Chilenos* understand but little of the art of mining: they may, on the contrary, be assured that they are very skilful and efficient miners, and will not only produce the ore at the earth's surface at a lower rate than others, but that, in their rude and economical processes, they will extract the metals at a much less cost. In

November, 1826.

the construction of the furnaces, and in other respects, many improvements may and will be introduced; but any one who has made correct observations upon the country, will, at one glance, perceive that all attempts to introduce foreign modes, new materials, or novel processes, will cause great confusion and loss. The *Chilenos*, cannot, will not, comprehend any other than their old methods. Before any one attempts mining, he ought to gain sufficient experience and knowledge of the character of the people, and the resources of the country, so that he might be competent to calculate with certainty how far his arrangements could be adapted to the peculiar habits he will have to contend with, and the scanty materials he will be able to command. I can speak on this subject with the advantage of experience; I was at first deceived to a great extent, and so will all foreigners who attempt any operations in Chile: the very customs and methods which to them will appear barbarous and inefficient, will be found, on better knowledge, to be grounded upon experience and reason; and to benefit by these observations, so as to apply them to their own particular views, they must so far exert their judgment as to trace them to their origin, and discover the necessities which have induced them.'—Vol. II. 380, 381.

This reasoning applies to all South America.

Agriculture is at a low ebb indeed. 'No one must imagine that any of the modes of farming which have been carried to such perfection in Europe have been adopted in Chile. We must remove from our minds all ideas of rich level meadows, fine grass pastures, enclosures, farm-houses, sheds, barns, markets, &c. &c.; we must bring back our notions to a more pristine condition, and fancy the country in a wild and natural state, in order to comprehend the simple mode of farming which I shall have to describe. I cannot do better than select, as an instance, one estate, the description of which may serve as a fair example of the whole; for all are more or less subject to the same management. The boundary of an estate generally is

either the bank of a river or an estero, or the extended ridge of a mountainous cordon; the lines of demarcation are no where fixed but in the records of the courts of law; fences indeed are seldom known, except in cases of partial inclosures in the valleys, which are held in reserve when subsistence is no longer to be found in the more open parts. The surface of an estate we may conceive to be divided into numerous deep hollows and ravines called *caxones*, and subdivided into smaller delves called *quebradas*: we must suppose the sides and tops of the hills to be studded with bushes, while the *quebradas* are beset with lofty ever-green trees, whose shade serves to perpetuate little rills of fresh water, which otherwise would soon be evaporated, if exposed to the heat of the sun: let us imagine such a country extending over a surface of twelve square leagues, or about 60,000 acres, with about 5,000 acres of irrigatable ground, and we shall have a fair sample of the kind of estate most commonly kept as cattle farms.

'As it rains only in the three winter months of the year, the pasture upon the hills is of very short duration; indeed, I may say, that no grass grows upon them: but in the intervals between the bushes the ground is thinly covered with numerous little flowers, herbaceous plants, and tuberose roots, which, immediately after the first rains, shoot out and produce a pleasing verdant covering, of which it is destitute more than half the year. These plants, after flowering, soon fade and die away, giving to the whole face of the country an appearance of being scorched up by the heat of the sun. The first rains generally take place in May, during which month there are not usually more than eight days of rain; from this time verdure proceeds with a rapidity truly surprising: its progress is rapid during the few rainy days in June, July, and August. In November the whole begins to assume a burnt-up appearance, and from December to May the country bears an aspect of barrenness, which ill accords with the notions entertained in Europe respecting the beautiful country of Chile.'—Vol. II. P. 342—344.

'The food found upon such estates is barely sufficient for the maintenance and for the procreation of the cattle: nothing more is looked for; they are never sufficiently fat for killing except at one time of the year, when the pasture is at its height, and they are then sufficiently muscular for making *charqui*. When required for the supply of towns, it is usual to convey them to the irrigated lucern pastures, such for instance as those of Aconcagua, where they are fattened for butchering. In years when little rain falls in Chile there is always a terrible mortality among the cattle: it is but few that can comparatively subsist for many months upon under-wood and bushes.

'Upon a grazing estate the proprietor seldom permits many persons to reside: the animals, being bred up quite wild, would be scared away from the pasturage by the continual passing by of men on horseback, and by dogs; and there is also less chance of robbery where there are fewer persons in want of the necessaries of life. Such an estate has, therefore, only a *mayordomo*, and a *capataz*, or principal herdsman, whose general business is to look after the stock of cattle, and who directs the few *vaqueros*, or herdsmen, whose duty is to drive the cattle from one part of the estate to another, as the means of subsistence can be found.'—Vol. II. P. 345.

'It is the object of the proprietors to have as few tenants as possible upon the estate, but it is necessary to have some to assist in the *rodeos*, as well general as partial: these are kept as dependant as possible, and too poor to aspire to the rearing or obtaining of cattle of any kind: for their use a number of horses are kept upon the hacienda, so that they may have no excuse for keeping beasts of their own. On all occasions required by the *mayordomo*, every tenant must hold himself in readiness to be called upon to devote so many whole days in any work according to a stated period of service (*servicio* is the name given to this obligation). These periods are not continued necessarily in succession, but generally apart and arbitrary, according to the will of the master or

his bailiff: fifteen days is usually the smallest period of service: these he must devote entirely in any employment without pay; he must likewise give up his time for any further number of days for very low wages; the tenant must be the slave of the master. This kind of tenure necessarily has a bad moral tendency upon the condition of the poorer classes, but it is so universal over the whole country, and being bred up in the practice of it, it has become so habitual that no one thinks it a hardship. A tenant may also be sent away on some dispatch to the distance of above a hundred leagues; he never grumbles, but obeys, receiving only a real, or sixpence, per day for his maintenance on the road.'—P. 349, 350.

'Every hacendado brings up his sons to the practical part of the management; they live among peons from their infancy, from whom they acquire all their habits, and follow the same half-savage life, until polished by the assistance of the padre, or friar, attached to the household, who teaches them to read and write; then it is that they acquire that smooth-faced civility, that external appearance of information, that air of importance, that cunning and egotism, which distinguishes them more readily from the lower orders. Previous to acquiring any interest in the estate, that is, so long as their father lives, they commonly enter into collusion with the tenants and neighbours in acts of robbery; they drink, gamble, and debauch, in common with the guasos, and are the most applauded vagabonds throughout the country. It is only when interest guides them, on coming to their inheritance, that their selfish feelings come into full play; then it is that they instinctively assume that tyrannical power over their former associates, with whom they never cease to place themselves on an apparent level whenever it suits their purpose to do so. Such are the hacendados of Chile, and such must be, more or less, their education, in order to make their stock productive. The estate-house, generally speaking, is little better than a barn. The females of the family usually, though not in all cases, reside now and then in the

capital, where, should the proprietor himself be called, it is indispensable that he should return to his estate at all rodeos and at other times, his presence being frequently necessary.'—Vol. II. P. 351.

'There are but few haciendas or estates wholly devoted to agricultural purposes, since, at the period of the year when the natural pasture fails, the stubble is valuable as fodder, and since the portions of irrigatable land are of comparatively small extent. They are generally in narrow vallies, enclosed by larger portions of hilly ground, so that with equal facility the two objects of farming and grazing can be combined together.

'Here the same miserable dependence of the poor upon the rich prevails; the interests of the humble cultivator are wholly sacrificed to the rapacity of the landlord. Land is never leased out to the poor tenants but from year to year, so that the proprietor may at his pleasure turn any one who displeases him off his estate. These people are extremely poor, and devoid of comfort; neither means nor opportunity are within their reach for educating their children; very few can either read or write; universally they are without capital, and in all respects are dependant upon the landlord.'—Vol. II. P. 352, 353.

'The hacendado, instead of encouraging habits of frugality and forethought in the tenant, instead of allowing him to feel a pride in his possession, in improving and enriching the lands, in accumulating a farm stock, in making conveniences about his dwelling, takes every means in his power to keep the tenant poor and miserable; he treats him like a slave, without the consciousness of so doing; he refuses him the use of his hired land from the moment the harvest has been got in; the stubble and the pasture are greedily sought after by the landlord for the benefit of his cattle; and on this point, above all others, he is most tenacious, so as not to allow the tenant to keep his own ploughing oxen, but at rents which it is known he is not able to pay; in fine, the policy of the master is to keep the tenantry in a state of debasement, and to make them

dependent on him for every thing.

'The landlord will seldom allow the tenant to build his rancho, or hut, upon the cultivated grounds; they are generally stationed about the nearest hills: this to us would seem inexplicable at first sight, but the motive is soon made apparent. For the same reasons, they are prevented from inclosing their chacras with hedges; all the possessions must be one open range. Arbitrary as this may appear on the part of the landlord, what will be thought of the practice, but too universal, of turning into the garden grounds immense droves of hungry cattle, before the produce has been reaped off the ground? Yet I have seen this in all parts of the country, for several years past. The cattle constitute a far greater object of care than the tenants themselves. We should be less disposed to think ill of the practice, did the fault lie with the peasants, who really have not sufficient time allowed them for collecting their produce, and never a year passes but great part of the garden crops are consequently gathered in a half-ripe state.'—Vol. P. 357, 358.

'Indeed, the whole system of farming management greatly militates against any improvement in the pursuits of agriculture. The proprietor of an agricultural estate can in like manner command the services of all his tenants; so much so, that in case of leasing off any possession, he can direct every such person to perform any work he pleases, either in sowing, ploughing, hedging, ditching, &c. without the least cost, and in this way he cultivates extensive portions of ground to great advantage. The farmer is, in point of fact, no better than a poor labourer: and though he has occasionally opportunities of doing so, he never thinks of storing up or increasing his means. There appears little hope of any amelioration in the condition of the peasantry during the present generation, nor in the next, should the same blind system be continued: in progress of time, however, in spite of all opposition from the hacendados, a very important change must take place, both from the increasing value

of land, an increasing population, and from the operation of the existing hereditary descents.'—Vol. II, P. 359, 360.

'I have not yet spoken of the extent of service demanded upon an agricultural estate; there is no general rule, it being in some places more excessive than in others. In Ocoa, for instance, the landlord is extremely hard in this respect, and on inquiry I found this more general over the country than I had anticipated. The tenants there are obliged to give one month and fifteen days' undivided time in ploughing and sowing the corn fields of the landlord: they are again called on at the harvesting. They are obliged to attend all rodeos, clean ditches, make fences, &c.; in all, devoting nearly four months of their time to the hacendado, who gives them not a real for this most grievous amount of servitude.'—Vol. II. P. 360.

Their agricultural implements are very bad; but, as appears from the following, the husbandmen are not insensible to the worth of machines of greater utility.

'The state of agricultural art is very low: the only implements known in husbandry are the plough, the spade, the crow-bar, and a large hoe, called the asadon; the turning up of the soil by spade-digging is not known; the use of the English hoe is unknown; what little weeding is practised is performed by the hands, or the blade bone of a sheep: lately, since English spades have been introduced, the people who have seen their utility use much exertions to steal them, and I lost in this way, by robbery, above three dozen of spades and shovels. The plough is an implement of extreme simplicity, and is every where alike throughout the country; it consists of two pieces, the body and the shaft: the former is merely part of the trunk, and of a crooked branch, of a tree roughly hewn: the trunk serving as the body, and the branch as the handle of the plough: the fore-part of the trunk is wedge-shaped, and has nailed to it a somewhat pointed flat plate of iron, which performs the necessary operation both of coulter and

share, neither of which were ever heard of by the natives: the shaft consists of a straightish pole, tenented at one end into the top of the body, while a slanting stick fixed in the plough body passes through a long mortised slit made in the pole, so that a wedge driven on each side renders the shaft steady.'—Vol. II. P. 367, 368.

This description of agriculture will apply, in a great measure, to the whole of South America. One fiftieth of the surface can hardly, for want of water, ever be cultivated; and, though the climate in Chile and other places is salubrious in the extreme, still it is from the meridian heat of the sun unfavourable to industry. Nothing but 'Englishmen and dogs' would be out of doors during the greater part of the day; and even Englishmen relax in their habits when any length of time in the country. Many of them—indeed most of them—gladly resign lucrative employments for the purpose of returning to their native country. Let no one, therefore, emigrate to South America while such a place as the United States is in existence.

The different revolutions which have taken place will be productive of good; they will let in knowledge, and beget curiosity, and luxury, and taste; in all of which the people are singularly deficient. Nothing could excite their surprise; and, though Mr. Miers ascribes their apathy to a hatred of mental exertion, and Captain Hall to their habits of over-cautionsness, we are inclined to attribute it solely to their pride and ignorance. Considering themselves the 'finest people in the world,' they are disinclined to admit that the productions of any country could surpass their own, or that there was any

thing in the world with which they had not been acquainted. It is well known that this is the case among the North American savages. They studiously suppress every emotion of wonder or curiosity, however powerfully excited, in the presence of strangers.

The new government, though hardly less despotic or inefficient than the old, in opening a kind of free trade, have given an impulse to civilization. Already have nearly all commodities advanced 150 per cent. and though English money, lent and lost, has contributed in a great measure to this advance in prices, there is much of it owing to the growing taste for useful luxuries. Consumption has increased five-fold; labour has become more valuable, and consequently population must receive an additional stimulus. An increase in the inhabitants is the one thing needful; for, to the confusion of Malthus and the Scotch economists, the population of South America, where there are not eight persons to a square mile, has been retrograding—had there been 500 to a square mile, the people would be infinitely more comfortable. Until something like this, or, at least, until vast accession to their present numbers takes place, the people must continue to go barefooted, to sleep at night upon the bare ground, to live upon raw beef, or a scanty supply of bread; to inhabit huts without doors, and live and die unconscious of the luxury of a shirt. God, after all, is the best economist; he bids mankind increase and multiply; and wherever this is the case, wherever there is a dense population, there must be intelligence, and civilization, and more than these—*there also will be liberty*,—and it will be nowhere else.

THE SPIRIT OF ERIN.

How brightly and fairly the plumage of gladness
Once beamed on the crest of our pride and our might!
Ere the thrall of the despot had roused us to madness,
Ere the tide of our valour was whelmed in night.

Oh! soft were the harpings which sang of our glory,
And roused the young souls of our freemen to ire,
When they warbled our heroes, the brightest in story,
The first on the annals of conquest and fire.

When the note of that lyre arose on the mountain,
And the song of the minstrel was echoing there,
Like the playing of waves in some eastern fountain,
Its symphony mellowed the perfumes of air.

There was music and joy in the voice of the battle,
And the heart of the foeman was drooping with fear,
When the yell of the *slogan* brought death in its rattle,
And told of the grave and the yew-wreathed bier.

While the sheen of our armour was brilliantly glancing
The bright glaring flash of its splendour on high,
Oh! *then* was the roll of our war-song entrancing,
As the smiling of conquest from young beauty's eye.

But those scenes of our triumph are faded and gone,
And the victims of sorrow are cheerless in grief;
Like the tree in the desert we stand all alone
In that darkness of bondage which knows no relief.

The woe-pencil'd eye-lids of beauty are weeping
O'er the tombs which the blight of the tyrant has made;
While the falchion of slaughter is quietly sleeping,
And the rusting of tyranny blackens its blade.

To the dust, to the dust with each pacific feeling,
Let the sons of Hibernia arise in their power;
While the clamours of justice their thunders are pealing,
The sun will beam forth on an happier hour.

And the shamroch of Erin delightfully twining
Its blooming and verdure round the stem of the rose,
In the trenchments of union the chieftains reclining,
May dare to the combat their myriads of foes.

D. S.

SERENADE.

Awake, awake! it is the hour
When music lends its magic power,
And vale and mountain, hill and plain,
Echo with joy the notes again.

Awake, awake!

Thy slumbers break,

The waters glide on 'neath the moonbeam's kiss,
For this is the hour of love and bliss.

Thyrza, awake! the dawning day

Will soon peer out, I must away:

Then rise from thy pillow, and let me see

The star of my soul, my heart's peri.

Awake, awake!

Thy slumbers break,

For music, and moonlight, and mirth are now
But wanting the light of thy cloudless brow.

She heeds me not. I cannot stay,

I may not wait for the break of day;

Thyrza, awake! if living thou art,

Come from thy couch to thy lover's heart.

Awake, awake!

Thy slumbers break,

Arise from thy pillow, mine own-loved fair.

Is it thy shade? No! thou art here.

Hanley, Staffordshire.

R. SHELTON M'KENZIE.

OUGHT IRELAND TO HAVE POOR LAWS?*

IRELAND's greatest misfortune has been her connexion with England; her permanent state of misery, and the protracted discontent of the whole of her people, are overwhelming attestations of this fact. Yet Irishmen—and patriots too—have shrunk from the simple avowal of so notorious a truth; not because it was doubtful—not because it was penal to do so—but because we are still strangers, in a great measure, to candour in our political professions and national transactions. Every one knows—it is universally known—that Ireland has been an oppressed, an ill-used country; and that she is exclusively indebted to England for this ill-usage and oppression. The policy—the conduct of the governing nation, has hitherto been unwise, it has been cruel; but he would be a miserable politician, and a worse logician, who would infer from this, that the connexion is bad *per se*—that it would be better altogether for Ireland to be left to her own resources. We are not amongst those cowards in politics, who imagine that Ireland could not exist as an independent nation; we feel confident that she could; but we are fully persuaded—fully and fairly convinced, that she would be a happier nation to continue sailing in the same state vessel, under the guidance of the same pilot, with England. The union, however, to be advantageous must be perfect—there must be a reciprocity of interests. To make the connexion preferable to a separation, the government must not be as it has been, exclusive; it must not be English or Irish; it must be the united kingdom—it must not be that of Protestant ascendancy, or of any other ascendancy. If it continues the thing it has been—a misshapen oppressive monster, we will not say that Ireland should unfurl a native standard; but we will say that her people cannot be otherwise than miserable.

And miserable they unquestionably have been; governments it is true can be but negatively good—the best of them can do no more than secure men from injury; but the worst, and many that are considered good, have

made men more vicious than they naturally would be, and more miserable than they ought to have been. On a former occasion, when speaking of the manufactures of Ireland, we pointed out the folly of the legislature in endeavouring to do that for the people, which the people, in good time, would have done for themselves. They perverted the natural order of things; and every effort they made to better the condition of the country, only served to plunge the people deeper in misery. Their systems of prohibitions, protections, drawbacks, and bounties, enriched the few at the expence of the many; they elevated the landlord, while they depressed his poorer tenantry.

We have already traced the progress of pauperism in England; we have seen that the legislature—through ignorance or cupidity—generated and fostered it, until it has grown into a moral monster; and we shall now see that the people of Ireland, apart from their own sufferings, have participated in the misfortunes of their English brethren; while the measures which oppressed the latter have produced similar results in the sister kingdom.

From the time that England caught the manufacturing and commercial mania, Ireland was regarded with sentiments of envy—of hatred: the English monopolist claimed the privilege of supplying her market; but strenuously endeavoured to prevent her from fabricating commodities for herself. We do not think that, respecting manufactures, he did much mischief—at least in a direct way; but the indirect mischief of the system was incalculable. The legislature was perpetually making and unmaking laws—there was no constancy—nothing remained permanent. The tradesman was to-day a bankrupt, and the agriculturist to-morrow; corn laws were at one time the favourite, and free trade at another. During all this time the fortunate and the cunning were reaping a golden harvest, but the simple and the poor were sadly retrograding.

Linked to England, not by reciprocal bonds of mutual interest, but

by iron fetters—a despot and a slave—poor Ireland was treated with every imaginable insult and contumely. Injustice and oppression were heaped upon her unfortunate people with impunity; and what aggravated the manifold injuries, was the fact, that they were each and all accompanied by a bitter sarcasm—they were for their good! But still the follies and atrocities of legislators were, in some measure, inoperative, while land continued cheap—while farming monopolists were unknown. The disordered state of Ireland before and after the period of the Reformation, which may be said to coincide with the discovery of America, precluded her from reaping the consequences that must have followed a sudden influx of wealth; she was not in a condition to participate in the apparent prosperity of her sister; she did not stand in need of poor laws; her gentry were far from being opulent, but her peasantry were happy; at least they were not starving, unless when robbed by the state, or oppressed by civil war; and it must be confessed that both these were events, then, by no means of unfrequent occurrence.

From this period, until after the revolution, there was nearly one continual scene of turmoil; but order had no sooner been established, than Ireland began to increase in wealth. Her rural population was affected in the same manner as that of England, but not to the same extent; they were comparatively less numerous, and the influx of money was less sudden. There was but little capital in the country; and for a time the artificial encouragement given to trade and manufactures, served to attract it almost wholly to these occupations. But profits have a tendency—an irresistible tendency—to equalize. Agriculture soon became more lucrative than trade and manufactures; and, of course, capital flowed out of one channel into the other. Here commenced the misfortunes of the poor; and the circumstance was aggravated by the English prohibitory system, and the English poor laws.

It is now a well established fact,

* If any reader should doubt the fact, we beg to refer him to No. 85 of 'Captain Rock in London,' where the subject is handled in a plain, concise manner.

† Our friend, the author of 'Tales of Irish Life,' in an article inserted in this work, supports this opinion: of the fact he had ocular demonstration.—See *Dublin and London Magazine*, vol. 1, page 422.

that poors' rate raises the price of corn, and consequently of all the necessaries of life.* This circumstance held out peculiar advantages to the Irish agriculturist. Amidst all her jealousy, England never, but once—and that only for a short time—prohibited the importation of *all* the raw produce of the Irish soil. Irish corn was occasionally excluded from the English market; but Irish beef, butter, pork &c. hardly ever. This had precisely the same effect as if the trade was open to all farm produce, or rather it had a worse effect; it encouraged the growing of corn in England, and the feeding of cattle in Ireland; in other words, it threw the Irish labourer out of employment, it threw large tracts of arable land out of cultivation; and gave rise to the circumstances which produced the local commotions of 1762 and 1786.

It must be obvious, therefore, that the causes which produced misery in England had precisely the same effect in Ireland; in both countries they led directly to the extension of farms. The Irish farmer produced much cheaper than the English agriculturist; and, having the same market, he had a greater interest in extending cultivation. Had there been poor laws in Ireland, the whole surface of the country must, ere this, have been in the hands of a comparatively few; they must have led to demolition of cottages—it would have been the interest of the wealthy; and, as it was, the depopulation of the rural districts has been regular and progressive.† This has been the consequence of the system. Excluding foreign corn raised prices in England, and the poor laws helped to raise it still higher. The Irish farmer took advantage of all this; the English market was open to him; the more grain he grew, the more beef he fed, and the less wages he paid; the better. Grain or beef, however, could not be grown or fed without land; consequently, land was sought for with avidity; and this, by disinheriting the poor cottiers, multiplied labourers, till wages sunk to a rate almost insufficient to support nature.

There cannot be a doubt but that English poor rates raised the price of corn in this country; and, consequently, as the foregoing reasons prove, they raised the price of corn in Ireland. This in itself was, and is, an evil of serious magnitude; but its effect on the rural population was truly melancholy. Their misery for the last sixty years has been progressive, but it is within the last thirty that it has assumed a frightful character of nationality. Why is this the case? Manufactures have increased, and so have the exports and imports; agriculture has been extended, but still the people are starving. Is population increasing? Psha! we deny that it is—it cannot: under all the circumstances the thing is impossible. To what then is the misery to be attributed? We answer, to the depopulation of the rural districts. The poor are forced into the towns; the witnesses before the parliamentary committees admitted this; and the thing works badly. When the commercial crash comes, these are thrown out of employment; they have nothing to subsist on—they become destitute. Here again the English poor laws aggravate Irish misery. In times of prosperity the Irish labourers are seduced over; but, when distress arrives, they are bundled home in thousands, with their *English* children,* to augment the number of the starving in the land of their fathers.

Whatever be the cause, misery undoubtedly exists. How can it be relieved? Will poor rates effect so desirable a good? We fear not. 'The invention of pauperism,' says a profound thinker,† 'had it been successful, would have gone to annihilate the state of poverty as well as its sufferings. A man cannot be called poor, who has a legal right, on the moment that he touches the borders of indigence, to demand that there his descending progress shall be arrested, and he shall be upheld in a sufficiency of aliment for himself and his family. The law, in fact, has vested him with a property in the land, which he can turn to account, so

soon as he treads on the confines of poverty: and had this desire been as effective as was hoped and intended, a state of poverty would have been impossible. A man may retain the designation of poor, who has been relieved from all the discomforts of want, by the generosity of another; but this epithet ought not to fall upon any, who can ward off these discomforts by means of a rightful application for that which is constitutionally his own. So that had this great political expedient been as prosperous in accomplishment as it was mighty in promise, there would have remained no individual to whom the designation of poverty had been applicable—and the wisdom of man would have defeated the prophecy of God. But though the wisdom of man cannot make head against the state of poverty, the charity of man may make head against its sufferings. The truth is, that pauperism has neither done away the condition of poverty, nor alleviated the evils of it. *This attempt of legislation to provide all with a right of protection from the miseries of want, has proved vain and impotent*; and leaves a strong likelihood behind it, that a more **REAL PROTECTION** would have been afforded, had the case been abandoned to the unforced sympathies of our nature—and had it been left to human compassion to soften the wretchedness of a state, against the existence of which no artifice of human policy seems to be at all available.'

'On the simple abolition,' he continues, 'of a compulsory assessment for the relief of new applicants, there would instantly break forth from innumerable fountains, now frozen or locked up by the hand of legislation, so many refreshing rills on all the places that had been left dry and destitute, by the withdrawal from them of public charity, as would spread a far more equal and smiling abundance than before over the face of society.'

'The first, and by far the most productive of these fountains, is situated among the habits and economies of the people themselves. It is im-

* Since 1819, it is totally impossible for an Irish labourer to procure a legal settlement in England.

† Dr. Chalmers's on the 'Christian and Civic Economy of large Towns.'

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possible but that an established system of pauperism must induce a great relaxation on the frugality and providential habits of our labouring classes. It is impossible, but that it must undermine the incentives to accumulation; and, by leading the people to repose that interest on a public provision, which would else have been secured by the effects of their own prudence and their own carefulness, it has dried up far more abundant resources in one quarter than it has opened in another. We know not a more urgent principle of our constitution than self-preservation; and it is a principle which not only shrinks from present suffering, but which looks onwards to futurity, and holds up a defence against the apprehended wants and difficulties of the years that are to come. Were the great reservoir of public charity, for the town at large, to be shut, there would soon be struck out many family reservoirs, fed by the thrift and sobriety, which necessity would then stimulate, but which now the system of pauperism so long has superseded;—and from these there would emanate a more copious supply than is at present ministered out of poor rates, to alimient the evening of plebeian life, and to equalise all the vicissitudes of its history.

‘The second fountain which pauperism has a tendency to shut, and which its abolition would reopen, is the kindness of relatives. One of the most palpable, and at the same time most grievous effects of this artificial system, is the dissipation which it has made of the ties and feelings of relationship. It is this which gives rise to the melancholy list of runaway parents, wherewith whole columns of the provincial newspapers of England are oftentimes filled. And then, as if in retaliation, there is the cruel abandonment of parents, by their own offspring, to the cold and reluctant hand of public charity. In some cases, there may not be the requisite ability; but the actual expense on the part of labourers, for luxuries that might be dispensed with, demonstrates that, in most cases, there is that ability. But it is altogether the effect of pauperism to deaden the inclination. It has poi-

soned the strongest affections of nature, and turned inwardly, towards the indulgences of an absorbent selfishness, that stream which else would have flowed out on the needy of our own blood and our own kindred. It has shut those many avenues of domestic kindness by which, but for its deadening and disturbing influence, a far better and more copious circulation of needful supplies would have been kept up throughout the mass of society. We believe, that were the first fountain restored to its natural play, there would be discharged, from it alone, in the greatest number of instances, a competency for the closing years of the labourer;—and did this resource fail, that the second fountain would come in aid, and send forth, on the decaying parentage of every grown up and working generation, more than would replace the dispensations of pauperism.

‘A third fountain, on which pauperism has set one of its strongest seals, and which would instantly be unlocked on the abolition of the system, is the sympathy of the wealthier for the poorer classes of society. It has transformed the whole character of charity, by turning a matter of love into a matter of litigation: and so, has seared and shut many a heart, out of which the spontaneous emanations of good-will would have gone plentifully forth among the abodes of the destitute. We know not how a more freezing arrest can be laid on the current of benevolence, than when it is met in the tone of a rightful, and perhaps, indignant demand for that, wherewith it was ready, on its own proper impulse, to pour refreshment and relief over the whole field of ascertained wretchedness. There is a mighty difference of effect between an imperative and an imploring application. The one calls out the jealousy of our nature, and puts us upon the attitude of surly and determined resistance. The other calls out the compassion of our nature, and inclines us to the free and willing movements of generosity. It is in the former attitude, that, under a system of overgrown pauperism, we now, generally speaking, behold the wealthy in reference to the working

classes of England. They stand to each other in a grim array of hostility—the one thankless and dissatisfied, and stoutly challenging as its due, what the other reluctantly yields, and that as sparingly as possible. Had such been a right state of things, then pity would have been more a superfluous feeling in our constitution; as its functions would have been nearly superseded by the operation of law and justice. And the truth is, that this sweetener of the ills of life has been greatly stifled by legislation; while the amount of actual and unrelieved wretchedness among the peasantry of England, too plainly demonstrates, that the economy of pauperism has failed to provide an adequate substitute in its room. Were this economy simply broken up, and the fountain of human sympathy again left free to be operated upon by its wonted excitements, and to send out its wonted streams throughout those manifold subordinations by which the various classes of society are bound and amalgamated together—we doubt not that from this alone a more abundant, or, at least, a far more efficient and better spread tide of charity would be diffused throughout the habitations of indigence.

But there is still another fountain, that we hold to be greatly more productive even than the last, both in respect to the amount of relief that is yielded by it, and also in respect to the more fit and timely accommodation wherewith it suits itself to the ever varying accidents and misfortunes of our common humanity. There is a local distance between the wealthy and the poor, which is unfavourable to the operation of the last fountain, but this is amply compensated in the one we are about to specify;—and, some may be surprised, when we intimate, that of far superior importance to the sympathy of the rich for the poor, do we hold to be the sympathy of the poor for one another. In the veriest depths of unmixed and extended plebeianism, and where, for many streets together, not one house is to be seen which indicates more than the rank of a common labourer, are there feelings of mutual kindness, and capabilities of mutual

aid, that greatly outstrip the conceptions of a hurried and superficial observer: and, but for pauperism, which has released immediate neighbours from the feeling they would otherwise have had, that in truth the most important benefactors of the poor are the poor themselves—there had been a busy internal operation of charity in these crowded lanes, and densely peopled recesses, that would have proved a more effectual guarantee against the starvation of any individual, than ever can be reared by any of the artifices of human policy. One who has narrowly looked to some of these vicinities; and witnessed the small but numerous contributions that pour in upon a family whose distresses have attracted observation; and seen how food, and service, and fuel, are rendered in little, from neighbours that have been drawn, by a kind of moral gravitation, to the spot where disease and destitution hold out their most impressive aspect; and has arithmetic withal for comparing the amount of these unnoticed items with the whole produce of that more visible beneficence which is imported from abroad, and scattered, by the hand of affluence, over the district—we say that such an observer will be sure to conclude, that, after all, *the best safeguards against the horrors of extreme poverty have been planted by the hand of nature, in the very region of poverty itself*—that the numerous, though scanty rivulets which have their rise within its confines, do more for the refreshment of its more desolate places, than would the broad streams that may be sent forth upon it, from the great reservoir of pauperism: and, if it be true, that it is just the stream which has dried up the streamlets, and caused them to disappear from the face of a territory, over which they would else have diffused a healthful and kindly irrigation—then should pauperism be abolished. Let but humanity abide, in all the wonted attributes and sympathies which belong to her, and we may be sure, that for the supplies which issued from the storehouse of public charity, there would be ample compensation, in the breaking out of those manifold lesser charities, that never fail to be evolved, when human

suffering is brought into contact with human observation.

'We cannot, at present, expatiate, as perhaps we shall, on these compensatory processes, that would most surely be stimulated into greater power and activity by the abolition of pauperism; but the last of them is of such weight and importance in the argument, that ere we proceed to the main topic of this chapter, we may offer a few remarks in the way of illustration. Those sympathies, which lie deeply seated and diffusively spread among a population, form a mine of productiveness, that lies very much hidden from the eye of that philanthropy which moves on the elevated walk of city committees, and great national societies. Perhaps the most palpable argument that could be addressed to our institutional men, upon this subject, is the fact of the Bible Society drawing a larger revenue from the weekly pennies of the poor, than from the splendid donations, and yearly contributions, of the wealthy. It is a striking evidence of the power of accumulated littles, and proves how much the number compensates for the smallness of the individual offerings. Now, though this be a very palpable demonstration of the importance of the lower orders to the cause of charity, yet it is far from being an adequate demonstration. This fact, convincing as it is, does not sufficiently represent the might and the magnitude of those resources which lie deposited among the labouring classes, and would, in a natural state of things, emit a far more plentiful relief upon human indigence than is done by all the paraded charities of our land. It is delightful to perceive how readily the poor have been interested on the behalf of a great Christian society. But there is a still more forcible appeal made to their hearts, by the *spectacle* of human suffering, and in circumstances of life like their own. There is a more constantly plying address to their sympathies, in the disease or helplessness of a next-door neighbour, than even in the weekly recurrence of a visitor for their humble contribution. There is a common

tive classes, inspired by the very condition which they in common occupy: for fellowship with one in his lot is felt as a sort of claim to fellowship with him in his love and liberality. In these, and in many other principles of our nature, there are daily and most powerful excitements to charity, which, if never interfered with by pauperism, would have yielded a far more abundant produce to the cause, than ever descended upon it, in golden showers, from all the rich, and mighty, and noble of the nation put together. *It is the little, combined with the numerous and the often, which explains this mystery.* Each offering is small—but there is an unknown multitude of offerers, and under incessant application too, from the near and the constant exhibition of suffering at their very doors. Had art not attempted to supersede nature, or the wisdom of man to improve upon that wisdom which poured into the human heart those sympathies that serve to oil and to uphold the mechanism of human society, there would have emerged out of this state of things, a far more plenteous dispensation of relief than the wealthy have ever given, or even, perhaps, than the wealthy could afford; whose occasional benefactions come far short, in the quantity of aid, of those kind offices which are rendered, and those humble meals which are served up, and those nameless little participations into which a poor householder is admitted with the contiguous families, and all that unrevealed good which circulates, unseen, throughout every neighbourhood where the native play of human feeling is not disturbed by the foreign and adventitious influences of a perverse human policy.

'There is a statement, made by Mr. Buxton, in his valuable work upon prisons, which is strongly illustrative of the force of human sympathy. In the gaol of Bristol, the allowance of bread to the criminals is beneath the fair rate of human subsistence; and, to the debtors, there is no allowance at all, leaving these last to be provided for by their own proper resources, or by the random charity of the town. It has occasionally happened that both these

securities have failed them, and that some of their number would inevitably have perished of hunger, had not the criminals, rather than endure the spectacle of so much agony, given a part of their own scanty allowance, and so shared in the suffering along with them. It is delightful to remark, from this, that the sympathy of humble life, instead of the frail and imaginative child of poetry, is a plant of such sturdy endurance as to survive even the roughest of those processes by which a human being is conducted to the last stages of depravity. Now, if the working of this good principle may thus be detected among the veriest outcasts of human society, shall we confide nothing to its operation among the people and the families of ordinary life. If such an intense and unbroken fellow feeling be still found to exist, even after the career of profligacy is run, are we to count upon none of its developments before the career of profligacy is entered on? In other words, if in prisons there be the guarantee of natural sympathy against the starvation of the destitute, is it too sanguine an affirmation of our species, that there is the same and a stronger guarantee in parishes? The truth is, such is the recoil of one human being from the contemplation of extreme hunger in another, that the report of a perishing household, in some deepest recess of a city lane, would inflict a discomfort upon the whole neighbourhood, and call out succour, in frequent and timely forthgoings, from the contiguous families. We are aware that *pauperism lays an interdict upon this beautiful process*. Pauperism relaxes the mutual care and keepership which, but for it, would have been in more strenuous operation, and has deadened that certain feeling of responsibility which would have urged and guided to many acts of beneficence. There can be little doubt, that the opening up of this great artificial fountain has reduced that natural fountain, the waters of which are so deeply seated, and so diffusively spread, throughout the whole mass and interior of a population. But, in countries where pauperism is unknown, and popular sympathy is allowed to have its course, it

sends forth supplies upon human want which are altogether incalculable; and still, in our own country, is it ready to break forth in streams of rich and refreshing compensation, so soon as pauperism is done away.'

And he adds very truly, 'In those great towns of continental Europe, where the compulsory relief of poverty is unknown, we read of no such distress as should urge the adoption of such an expedient. There may occur a very rare instance of positive starvation; but let it never be forgotten, that instances also occur in the British metropolis: and we do think it more likely to happen there, just because of pauperism, which has substituted the tardy and circuitous process of a court of administration, for the prompt and timely compassions of an immediate neighbourhood.'

'We are most thoroughly aware of the incredulity wherewith all such statements are listened to, by men hacknied among the details of official business, and who hold every argument, that is couched in general language, and is drawn from the principles of human nature, to be abstract and theoretical. But they should be taught that their institutional experience is not the experience which throws any light upon the real and original merits of this question—that though they have been working for years, with their fingers, among the accounts and the manipulations of city pauperism, their eyes may never, all the while, have been upon the only relevant field of observation—that practitioners though they be, it is not at all in the tract of their deliberations or their doings, where true practical wisdom is to be gotten—that the likeliest counsellor upon this subject, is not the man who has travelled, however long and laboriously, over the inner department of committeeship, but the man who travels, and that on an errand distinct from common charity, over the outer department of the actual and living population. In one word, a local Sabbath teacher, with ordinary shrewdness of observation, and who meets the people free of all that disguise which is so readily assumed, on every occasion of mercenary in-

tercourse between them and their superiors—from him would we expect a greatly sounder deliverance, than from the mere man of place or of penmanship, on the adequacy of the lower orders to their own comfort and their own independence. It is a sufficient reply to the charge of sanguine or visionary, which is so often advanced against our confident affirmations upon this topic, that we invite the testimonies of all those with whom a district of plebeianism is the scene of their daily, or, at least, their frequent visitations. And it is no small contribution which a good Christian economy will render towards the solution of this great political problem—that it so penetrates and opens up the interior of that mass which has hitherto been shrouded in the obscurity of its own denseness, from all previous inquirers—that it unseals this book of mystery, and offers a distinct leaf, which may be easily overtaken by each one of its labourers—that it can thus lay an immediate hand on the *ipsa corpora* of the question—and rear the true doctrine of pauperism on the same solid and inductive basis by which all truth and all philosophy are upheld.

‘We know not how great the artificial transformation is, which the pauperism of two centuries may have wrought on the individual habits, and the mutual sympathies, of a London population; or to what degree it may have overborne either the cares of self-preservation, or the kindnesses of neighbourly regard towards those children of misfortune and want, who chance to come within the range of their daily observation. We can well believe, that the sum which issues from legal charity, upon a given district of the metropolis, could not, all at once, be dispensed with: the native capabilities of the people being so much weakened and impaired by the very system that now comes in aid of the deficiencies it has itself created. But of the very worst and most wretched vicinities of Glasgow, where pauperism is only yet in progress, and has not attained such a sanction and settlement as to have effaced the original habitudes of nature, we can aver that, under a right economy, and without

the importation of any charity from abroad, each is sufficient in its own internal resources, for the subsistence of all its families. And were people only left to themselves, and made to feel that they were the alone rightful keepers of their own households and their own kinsfolk, and committed back again to those spontaneous charities, which the sight of suffering never fails to awaken—it would be found that the mechanism of human laws has, by thwarting and doing violence to the laws of the human constitution, superseded a previous and a better mechanism.’

One extract more from this extraordinary work, and we have done. ‘We hold pauperism,’ says the author, ‘to be a still more deadly antagonist to the morality of our nation, though neither so sudden nor so ostensible in the mischief which it inflicts upon human principle; and, instead of striking out local and visible eruptions, in certain parts of the body politic, holding forth a cup of seeming bounty, but which is charged with a slow and insinuating poison, wherewith it has tainted the whole frame of society. It effecteth its work of destruction, upon the character of man, more by sap than by storm. The family virtues have not been swept away by it with the violence of an inundation; but they have drooped and languished, and, at the end of a few generations, are now ready to expire. The mildew which it has sprinkled over the face of the community, has fallen, in small and successive quantities, from its hand; and it is only by an addition made every year, to this deleterious blight, that the evil at length is consummated. Like the Malaise in Italy, it has now attained a progress and a virulency, which begin to be contemplated with the awe of some great approaching desolation; and a sense of helplessness mingles with the terror which is inspired by the forebodings of a mighty disaster, that has been gathering along the lapse of time, into more distinct shape and more appalling magnitude. It is, indeed, a frightful spectacle; and the heart of the Christian, as well as of the civil philanthropist, ought to be solemnized by it. He, of all men,

should not look on with indifference, while the vapour of this teeming exhalation so thickens and spreads itself throughout the whole moral atmosphere of our land: and, when he witnesses the fell malignity of its operation, both on the graver and more amiable virtues of our nature,—when he sees how diligence in the callings, and economy in the habits, of individuals, are alike extinguished by it, and both the tendernesses of relationship, and the wider charities of life, are chilled and overborne—we should expect of this friend to the higher interests of our species, that he, among all his fellows, would be most intent on the destruction of a system that so nips the best promises of spiritual cultivation, and, under the balefulness of whose shadow, are now withering into rapid decay, and sure annihilation, the very fairest of the fruits of righteousness.’

This is the statement of a clergyman, remarkable not only for fervid eloquence, but for depth of thought and active humanity—one who has banished legal pauperism from the district over which he spiritually presides—and thereby demonstrates the practicability of the plan he recommends. We would willingly be more copious in our extracts from his work, but enough is given to show that English poor’s rates do not mitigate the evils of poverty; while they have invariably placed, as it were, the child of want beyond the pale of humanity—they deprive him of a thousand sources of relief, which he would otherwise have availed himself of—they shut him out from the ties of friendship and kindred—from the charity of individuals and the kindness of neighbours, and leave him to what the law allows. Some of the gentlemen, who took an active part at the meeting held at Cork to petition for poor laws, fell into a very pardonable mistake relative to the humanity of the English people. There is no necessity for us to eulogise John Bull’s good qualities—they are universally admitted; but unostentatious charity is not among the number: he subscribes on a large scale, but the sight of individual suffering seldom relaxes his purse-strings; he very naturally refers such

claimants to the parish—he would be a fool if he did not. He is taxed, heavily taxed, to feed the hungry, where the hungry have a legal claim to be fed; and therefore it would be singular, indeed, if he commiserated distress under these circumstances with the same feelings that he would undoubtedly do were there no poor laws. The wonder is, that the destitute have found him so considerate. In this opinion we are borne out by every intelligent overseer in England. Previous to 1601 the bounty of individuals overflowed upon poverty, forming innumerable streams that fertilized the ‘vale of tears;’ but, since the passing of the act which made charity no longer necessary, these have been completely dried up; the claims of distress are no longer attended to.

The people of Ireland may, therefore, in case of the establishment of poor laws, lay their account on having to support a greater number by taxation than even now obtrudes themselves upon the unwilling notice of the public. Parents, who are now fed by their children, and individuals who are supported by friends, will then come to partake of legalized charity; while the bountiful will feel themselves no longer called upon to interfere between the law and the miserable. Still something must be done. If the system which has generated poverty and suffering is not vigorously battered down—and we are not over-sanguine on this head—Ireland ought to have poor laws. If the state continues to act unwisely and unjustly—if the rich continue wrapped up in their cruel insensibility—the poor, the miserable, the destitute, must have a legal claim to support. It is very true that morality and religion, and honesty and independence, will thereby be in part annihilated: but still the poor must not die of hunger; the good of the nation must yield to the urgency of the case.

Had we a choice, however, we would prefer a different remedy: we would infuse health into the debilitated frame of Irish society; we would compel the representatives of the people to do what the people ought to desire; but, unhappily, until

emancipation is conceded, there can be little hope of their acting with either force or consistency—they will pursue no other object. If they do not—if emancipation is not granted speedily, the miseries of Ireland—at least of the Irish poor—must continue progressive. Unfortunately, too, public opinion is on the side of error; and a law is about to be passed to aid the formation of large farmers at the expense of small proprietors.

The advocates of poor laws in Ireland seem unable to devise any plan that would even satisfy themselves—they leave it to the legislature. This sadly impugns their arguments: if poor laws are necessary, those who contend that they are should be prepared with a mode for their administration; but the truth is, the thing is surrounded with difficulties. Devise it as you may, guard it as you will, corruption will be a component part of it; and we are not sure but that those poor, who are not entirely destitute, will be the greater sufferers. This would be a serious evil: it almost persuades us to recal what we have said; it nearly convinces us that

any modification of the poor laws will not atone for the mischiefs it must occasion.

One thing, at all events, is certain: the English system of poor laws is quite inadmissible. It would plunge nine-tenths of the Irish people into immediate misery: it would cover the land with a moral leprosy, and aggravate the existing distress, by giving an additional impulse to rustic depopulation, and thereby overcrowd the towns with labourers: a national, and not a parochial, system of poor laws, is therefore to be preferred. We are the advocates of neither; but, of the two, we would choose the former. Let the people, however, not deceive themselves; they must pay the poor's rates; for we are totally unable to see in what manner absentees can be made to pay unless there shall be a per centage on rent. A land-tax would not affect landlords. When the question comes before parliament, we shall be prepared to go more minutely into the subject; but we protest *in limine* against the introduction of the English poor laws into Ireland.

THE DYING CONVERT.

Look on that lowly pallet there,
Where death upon the paly brow
Of sickness sits expectant, as the crow
Waits the poor brute's expiring gasp,
Impatient to his revel to repair.
Full strong is the destroyer's grasp
On that spare form; the clammy dew
Of death hangs thick upon him, and
Tracking each other down his shrivelled cheek,
The big round drops of strength their course pursue.
Anon he lifts his scarce-supported hand,
To wipe away that shower;—in vain—
Thickly and fast it swells again,
And the dead pulse,—the hard-drawn breath,—
The glazed eye,—all, all bespeak
Thy near approach, triumphant Death!
Oh! I have seen, in war's dark day,
The soldier's life-blood ebb away;
And I have watched, by the hero's side,
His soul flow away in glory's tide;
And though the foeman's steel had bared to light
A thousand gaps for his spirit's flight,
And his blood streamed around him, like summer's rain,
'Mid the wild hurrah of the battle plain,
I never have felt so much of dread,
As in the silent still of that sick man's bed,
And where forests of men beside me fell,
I never thought death so terrible!

And who is he, that slender form,
 That battles thus the fearful storm
 Of dissolution, stretched upon
 That couch, like victim on the fatal stone?
 Oh! he in life's young day had been
 Bewildered in the tangled maze
 Of error, and full oft had seen,—
 For human pride how fair a scene!
 Thousands attend upon his devious ways;
 Himself astray, he had led along
 In the labyrinth a countless throng.
 But truth, at length, burst on him from above
 In mid-day splendour, and in vain he strove
 To guard him from its beams: o'erpowered he left
 His fortune's hopes, and his father's home,
 And wandered forth to the world, bereft
 Of all, for the love of bliss to come.
 But now he hath found, in the church of God,
 A term to his grief, and a fixed abode:
 And many a time hath the midnight oil
 Seen him labouring hard in learned toil,
 To prepare his mind to Heaven, to gain
 The countless souls he had led astray,—
 But, alas! how human hopes are vain!
 That blessing his toils shall never repay.
 For, lo! on that lowly pallet lying,
 A martyr to zeal and exertion, dying,
 By the tyrant Death he is stricken to earth,
 Ere the wish of his heart had teemed into birth.
 And there is one with drooping head,
 Low bending o'er that sick man's bed,—
 A youth of lordly port and mien,
 In nature's loveliest model cast,
 With an eye where the glance of pride hath been,
 But now by affection's tear displaced;
 And a face whose every feature tells
 Of the noble soul in his bosom that dwells;
 One whom Pleasure were proud to call
 To her gayest bower, and loveliest hall.
 And she hath called, but her Siren voice
 Falls powerless on that young man's ear;
 For he is deaf to the tongue that would bid him rejoice,
 And his only reply is a rising tear;
 And in silent anguish he turns his eye
 From that sufferer's couch to the clear blue sky,
 And, sweet as the notes of the plaintive bird,
 The accents of prayer are faintly heard;
 For life and joy,—the world and all
 That ever possessed a charm for him,
 Are centered within the narrow wall
 Of that chamber of death,—so dark and grim;
 And the throb of his young heart beats in time
 To that sick man's pulse's varying chime.
 And doth that youth of noble mind
 Call the dying sufferer father?
 No—never yet could Nature bind
 Bosom's strictly thus together;
 But the ties, that are knit with the strings of the heart,
 Not even the scythe of Death can part;

And a friend, though all should flee beside,
Unshaken will stand, and watch by your side.

O! Friendship, how strong is thy sacred fire!

Oh! give me my dying couch to lend,
Not mother, brother, sister, or sire,
But the warmer cares of a well-tried friend!

Hark! the sweet witchery of music soars

In melting numbers through the enraptured air,
And stealing softly through the clear blue sky,
Like to the volumed incense mounts on high;

Yes, 'tis the sacred, solemn hour of prayer,
And, full of awe, the house of God is nigh,
Where now a people suppliantly adores.

And the young lips of innocence are there,
Breathing to Heaven their artless minstrelsy;
And, hark! the full-toned organ bears along
In majesty the burthen of their song.

And now the loud and full Hosannah rolls,

Mellowing in distance through the fretted aisles, —
The heaven-born homage of immingled souls,
That tells of feelings nought on earth controuls:

See how that sound the dying man beguiles
Of half his cares; — a sudden flash of joy
Bursts vividly athwart his low-sunk eye,

And through the gathering clouds of death there smiles,
Like sunny glance of April's fitful sky —
A beam of hope and immortality!

'Twas all too much, — that bursing gleam of light
Was but the herald of a darker night;
The flickering of the dying taper's blaze,
Ere yet for ever sink its feeble rays;
From his parched lip the blush of life is fled,
And Death sits throned upon that silent bed;
'Tis o'er, — 'tis o'er, — the mighty combat's done,
And to its long-loved home that spirit's gone!

And where is he, — that youthful friend,
Who watched the convert's saint-like end,
And hung with trembling hope above
The cherished object of his love?

Oh! he hath wandered forth with a withered heart,

And eyes that weep not, but which tell,
Better than words could e'er impart,
The pangs that in his bosom dwell.

Joy beckons in vain to her silken bowers,

In vain the stream of melody pours,

In vain for him the toys of the world

Before his heedless eye are unfurled;

For a canker is working its way at his breast,

And the only light that ever gave
A charm to his life, hath sunk to rest,

Like the westering sun, in that convert's grave;

And left his soul a night of woe,

And darkness that never a morn may know,

Till that joyous hour when again those eyes

Of the gladness of Heaven a beam shall impart,

And the fullness of day once more shall arise,

On the midnight that lowers o'er his bursting heart.

THE INTENSITY OF IRISH FEELING.

By the Hermit in London.

'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart.'

If the ancient ceremonies and customs of the Irish nation are so often misrepresented, and sometimes wholly ignored, an equal degree of wilful ignorance and misrepresentation has attached to the character of the old Irish descendant from the Milesians. He is represented as light, giddy, fond of praise; yet fierce, sanguinary, and implacable; bigoted, prejudiced, and faithless, or rather false, for the very word *faith* is the Irishman's idol: but it is not one of silver, of gold, of copper, bronze, or brass; it is the day-star of his hope, the ray of his heart's devotion, the last glimmer of his closing hour. Stubbornly though the enemies of Ireland support these charges, their inconsistency is sufficient to defeat them. Volatility and vanity accord not with ferocity and revenge; nor do falsehood and idolatry harmonize with steadfastness, and primitive, unaltered, and immutable Christianity; in the service of which the poorest of the wretched, and the most prostrate of the low, have sacrificed character, subsistence, and mortal existence—have borne a firm front and steady countenance amidst scoffs and revilings, and have been consigned to derision and mendicancy by their more prosperous brethren of another creed. But the fact is, that what is thus discoloured and set down to the account of folly and of vice, proceeds more frequently from excess of feeling: the sons of Erin have that elasticity, that mercuriality of high spirits, which a robust formation and warm heart produce. The meed of praise is the warrior's and the poet's fortune; and each looks up to it with a quick pulse, and with strenuous endeavour. Where hope is disappointed, and well-deserving is blighted, despair and the sickness of the soul ensue. But this is not vanity nor ambition, but a thirst for glory—an ardent desire for renown. To the shrine of this idol the blood of the brave has been poured out in plentiful libations; but pride and levity did not produce the sacrifice. That revenge is sometimes harboured in

the Hibernian's bosom must be allowed; but what are the exciting causes of this inhuman sentiment? Love turned into jealousy; injured honour; a faith, a country, a name, or a family, branded with injustice, infamy, and degradation. Here indeed the hero and avenger of the cause or object is

'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,' because his wounded feelings have wound him up to the highest pitch of madness. In such a moment he might cry with the sister of the Horatii, so strongly depicted by the immortal French author, and proving that she could behold their last moments with agonizing pleasure—

'Voire le dernier des Romains a son dernier soupir,
Moi en être la cause et mourir de plaisir.'

But let the storm subside, let the boilings over of resentment cool and pass away, there is not any native of any land more easily reconciled, more contritely penitent, than the Irish sinner. Self-condemnation smites his bosom to the core, and the tears of compunction fall like the showers of an angry sky. From such excitements and sensibilities flow great and perilous errors; yet on the soil which they supersaturated grow the tenderest and kindest plants that ever were cultivated by the hand of love and friendship—of softness and heroism. An acute sense of the wrongs of parent, sister, or friend, proceeds to a frightful eminence with the Hibernian. Another man, whose beloved sister was seduced, would visit the seducer with retributive justice; but the Irish brother, jealous of a sister's spotless reputation, and considering that stain, disgrace, and reproach are entailed on his posterity, would, in the paroxysms of irritation, immolate the female victim of transgression, whose chastity ought, in his eyes, to have been firm and impregnable as the rock and mountain of his native isle. On one occasion a most amiable priest of my acquaintance had the greatest difficulty in

preventing a brother from following and destroying a sister thus circumstanced; but, in contradistinction to this strong shade of inhumanity, I was once travelling with a young Hibernian, who met with an acquaintance and military comrade at an inn where we stopped for the night. The affliction of both appeared to be of a high degree; but the supereminence certainly was on the side of my fellow traveller. 'Is that young man a relation of yours?' said I. 'No.' 'He has, then, done you some signal service?' 'He has,' replied Patrick. 'We once fell out—we fought—I was desperately wounded—and I have loved him the better ever since: first, for doing justice to his own courage and honour; and, next, for vindicating mine; for thus he enabled me to make a just atonement, to receive merited punishment, and to be cordially reconciled to him, without any vile motive of self-interest or self-preservation in the act.'

This I consider as the *ne plus ultra* of sensitive feeling, and most genuine, original, and uncontaminated Irish mind. All heroic as a part of this transaction is, the susceptibility and *fightability* of its commencement savour, doubtless, of uncultivation—*Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. It is from the alienation of interests and respectability, from the jealousy of the cooler *sasanach*, from the want of calming, taming, and cultivating the lower and more unlearned Irish, that their excesses and crimes, inseparably grafted on their passions and affections, are ignited and blown into a flame; the eye of insulting pity (if such a thing can exist, for pity is allied to humanity) and the finger of triumphant scorn lacerate the heart's strings, and infuriate the imagination of the Irishman. Then it is, indeed, that 'the brain of the victim can temper the dart;' its poignancy carries an envenomed shaft, a living death, with it, which nought but vengeful contest can terminate, or even allay. There the champion, like Achilles (which, by the way, was a great disgrace to him) might invoke all the demons of sanguinary inspiration—

'To this I call the gods, one lasting
state
Of endless rancour and eternal hate!'

But, like that great and faulty chief, the sight of supplicating old age for the body of a murdered son, would have melted him to pity and to proudly concealed remorse. However I may be blamed as an apologist for Irish error, proceeding from intense feeling, I shall notice two strong contrasts of unlettered natives of the sanctified sod; namely, the Beggar's Blessing, and the Poor Man's Curse: but I shall premise by giving these natives one useful precept and advice—

'Bless ye, but curse not.'

We will now conclude with these two curious *morceaux*:—

The Irish Beggar's Blessing to a young Lady, whose gentle sympathy led her to relieve his distresses.

(*Pat speaks in propria persona.*)

'Och! may millions upon millions of heaven's best blessings rain down upon your most beautiful of all beautiful, lovely, and innocent face, and features! May those mild, blue, good-looking eyes (here the pathos may be excused in the humble untaught invoker) never see distress, but to gladden your gentle heart, the jewel of your feeling bosom, with the luxury of doing good. Och! may sorrow and care never be within a day's march of you, nor the slightest uneasiness ever ruffle the serenity of your noble brow! May peace light upon you like the dews of a May morning, and plenty be always at your command in full abundance, and overflowing cup. May your life be like the course of a bright quiet stream, gliding through banks of flowers! May you grace the high situations of wife and mother, and live to see your children's children playing before your fire-side! May you come to a good old age, and be named, and numbered, in the poor man's prayers, night and morning, at mass and matin, at vespers, and all the services of the church! May you come to a good old age—the pride and example of your neighbourhood! May your last sickness be easy, and your religious consolations many! Then may you fall like a ripe ear of corn, and be gathered in to your forefathers! May your grave be honoured by many mourners; and

may the hands of the children of those whose parents you have piously assisted, plant flowers round your monument; and then may you be raised up, and made happy for all eternity!

Here we may suppose the pauper to bless himself, and to utter some prayers in a low tone of voice.

The Curse to an obdurate gatherer of Rents, and a merciless Agent of a Miadlemnan.

'Oh! bitter bad luck be your's! May your pillow be a pillow of thorns, and your night-dreams be full of fear and horror! May the sun only rise to curse you, and the moon only set to put a blight upon yourself and all about you! May your crops fail, and your lands turn to waste and barrenness! May the rot take your cattle, and your ill-gotten gain come to nothing! May your hand fail you in the hour of danger, and your friends desert you in the time of trial! May you come to that poverty which you have not pitied in others; and be oppressed, as you have trampled and rode rough-shod over your poor fellow-creatures! May the orphan's and the widow's curse ring in your ears when you are destitute and cannot help yourself! May you be so disgraced as to be a stranger in your own country and town, and a wanderer where you once was welcome! May every door be shut upon you, who closed your heart, your ears, and your eyes upon our calamities! May you die alone, without child or descendant, wife, neighbour, or blood-relation! May your memory be stamped with infamy, and nothing remain of you but

the rejoicings of the poor that you are wiped off from the earth.'

This eloquence of grief or gratitude, of affection, or a mind wrought to hatred, is truly Hibernian. It would be delightful to merit the one, and awful to meet with, and, above all, to deserve the other; from ecstasy to agony is a quick transition. It is like the volcanic irruption, or the stroke of the winged thunderbolt; the one and the other would, however, be tempered, softened down, and modulated, did less poverty and endurance abide amongst the lower classes; and were the balm of sympathy, and the tear of compassion, substituted in the place of the blade of power, and the frownings of contempt. In the rainbow there are many hues: were it not bent by the hand of the Most High, and placed as a signal of peace and of promise, it would shine in vain after the storm, and indicate nothing hopeful for the future. On the blending of these colours depends the happiness of the inhabitants of the land, subsequent to the terrors of inundation, and its depopulating threats. No one tint could effect the purpose, but the mingling of all. Let the gilded ray be the hopes of prosperity, the blue be that of constancy in royal love, the red be no longer the ensanguined mark, but the rose of sweet love and benevolence; whilst the cerulean, or sea-green, admirably emblematical of the emerald isle itself, will stand as the primitive colour of Ireland in her pristine flourishing viridity. Thus may they combine; and that the dove, and the olive-branch may speedily fly over from the opposite shore, is the sincerest wish of the writer.

THE HERMIT'S ALBUM.

MISS LONDON.—Highly as some of the reviewers have spoken of this young lady's poetry, I must be paradoxical enough to say that I do not admire it. Like the sing song, 'Tink a tink a tink' of Sir Walter Scott, there appears about all her compositions something that savours more of art than of nature; her power of versifying seems a kind of knack; there is a show of deep feeling in her writings, but it is only a show; they

possess a glittering abstracted sort of dreaminess—a character that will sometimes induce one to think there is a meaning in passages that absolutely amount to nothing. In the mere art of versification she excels; although her continued introduction of pet words—her halls, and walls, and fes-ti-vauUs, and coro-nauUs—must be considered a blemish. Her perpetual attempt at gorgeousness, too, becomes in the end extremely fatiguing; the

occasional plainness of unadorned nature tends to administer relief in such cases. Mrs. Hemans is a writer of much purer taste, and possesses a genius of a higher order.

THE BOYNE WATER.—There appears to be a national fatality about the River Boyne: our warriors, our poets, and our romance writers have found it the scene or the source of failure or defeat. I speak as an Irishman; there those heavy pieces of mechanism, the Dutch boors, triumphed over the bravest troops in the world. The author of the 'Irish Melodies' appears no longer the same when he approaches the 'Boyne Water'; the words adapted to that air are decidedly the worst he ever wrote. The 'Tales by the O'Hara Family,' independently of his other productions, had established for Mr. Banim a high literary name; but the tedious, the heavy character of his last work has sadly disappointed his admirers. The 'Boyne Water,' indeed, is a failure—a failure that tends, however, to establish a principle which Mr. Banim, nay, which every writer should constantly bear in recollection—namely, that an author will be generally most successful when he confines himself to the development of such characters or such events as have fallen under his own immediate observation. In painting the great transactions of 1690, Mr. Banim has certainly evinced considerable talent; but it becomes obvious to the reader as he proceeds, that the author is not by any means at home; there is an apparent want of ease, a visible absence of what would seem to constitute

reality: we feel as we go on that the writer has drawn his materials from books; and, say or think what we will, this feeling destroys the charm of the work, and deprives it altogether of its interest. Let Mr. Banim try a new series of the Tales—the recent history of Ireland can furnish enough; he has shown the world that he can work well; let him begin again—the mine is almost inexhaustible.

VIVIAN GREY.—Guided by the old adage, 'that a liar is not to be believed even when he tells the truth,' I was inclined to throw by 'Vivian Grey' without giving it a reading. Colburn's puffing had indeed disgusted me. 'Tremaine,' 'Granby,' 'Matilda,' and other fudge, supposed to be written by every body and by nobody, were forced upon the public eye in various forms by the puff direct and the puff collateral. It struck me that 'Vivian Grey' was, like the rest, a trumpery volume—a thing possessing no interest, save the interest taken in it by the publisher. I opened the work with prejudice; I felt predetermined to be displeased; until, after reading about twenty pages, I owned to myself that it was endurable—indeed it is more than endurable; it is a work which an idle person can read with pleasure. There is in it rather a barrenness of incident; but the few striking events that it does contain, are sketched with an easy but spirited hand: it may be taken merely as an indication of considerable talent. The author could, with a little exertion, produce something of much higher interest.

MEMOIR OF J. W. VON GOETHE.

THE influence which one man of genius can exercise over the literature of a country, is strikingly exemplified in the career of Goethe—a man whose voluminous writings entitle him to a high place among the most distinguished of modern authors. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on the 28th of August, 1749. His father was a councillor of the Imperial Court of Austria—a circumstance which exempted the young Goethe from the necessity of being obliged to contend with those

difficulties which genius is doomed too often to encounter. He was educated at the university of Leipsig, and took his degree of doctor of laws in that of Strasburg. In 1771 he settled at Veitzlar, the seat of the Imperial Chamber, with the intention of pursuing the legal profession; but the dry technicalities of his studies could not prevent him from occasionally indulging in the more alluring walks of literature. A tragic accident, which came under his immediate observation, furnished him

with the material of his first work; and at an early age he published 'The Sorrows of Werter.' This little romance abounds with those errors incidental to rapidity of composition and youthful perceptions; but yet contains so many proofs of great powers, that, throughout Germany, it became instantly popular. The fashionables of the day dressed in the blue pantaloons and yellow coat of the sentimental Verther; and it is said that more than one went so far as to imitate the manner of his death. Of this fact, however, like the Lord Chancellor, we have our *doubts*; but most certainly Goethe seems to have thought the principles of his book pernicious, for he produced several comedies with great rapidity, calculated to counteract the follies of excessive sentimentality.

Soon after this he made a tour through Germany and Switzerland; during which he met the young Prince Charles Augustus, the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, who invited him to his court—where he has ever since resided, with the exception of those periods spent in occasional travels. He was appointed privy-councillor, and subsequently president of the council.

'With that universality,' says an elegant writer,* 'which is the characteristic of genius, he turned his attention to every branch of composition alternately, and he succeeded in each. To him may be attributed that wholesome change in the spirit of literature in Germany, which has recently raised it so high. Before Goethe, the French writers were the only models upon which those of Germany formed their labours. He first taught them to despise so servile a habit, and showed them at once the necessity and the possibility of giving a national feature and an original character to their compositions.'

'It was not, however, at once and without difficulty that his innovations, as they were then called, were tolerated, and particularly those in his dramatic compositions. These were so essentially new, that no manager of a theatre would venture to represent them. Indifferent to all but the impulses of his own genius,

Goethe was not dismayed by this difficulty. Having conceived the plan of his tragedies of "Faust" and "Goetz Von Berlichingen," he composed and printed them, never once regarding their fate. They were not, however, destined to oblivion; their poetry was equal, not only to all which the author had previously written, but to any which the language possessed. They commanded immediate attention and success; they were then brought upon the stage, and were found to be no less delightful there than they had been in the perusal. His exertions were seconded by those of Schiller, and they jointly succeeded in giving an entirely new form to the German drama. They did not compose for the purpose of gratifying and according with the public taste, but more boldly assuming the dictation to which they were well entitled, they formed the public taste upon their writings.

'But it was not to the stage alone that the labours of Goethe were directed; his fertile pen produced with astonishing rapidity poems of every description, and of such excellence that they may fairly challenge a comparison with his cotemporaries of every other nation. He wrote also some treatises on painting and architecture, which prove the profundity as well as the versatility of his talent. In order to study more accurately those principles of ideal beauty which are the objects of the imitative arts, he resolved to view the monuments which remained of them in their native land. In 1782 he made a journey to Italy, and employed three years in travelling over that country. He stayed some time at Rome, where he occupied himself in the composition of works the design of which was to improve and purify the taste of his countrymen.

'On his return from Italy he went back to the court of Weimar, which he has never since quitted. This small city was, at the period of which we speak, called the Athens of Germany. The Grand Duke, the pupil of the great Frederic, by his military talents, and by his encouragement of literature and his devotion to it, showed himself worthy of such a mas-

* 'Magazine of Foreign Literature,' p. 66.

ter. He had succeeded in drawing to his court some of the most eminent men of Germany. Herder, Wieland, Schiller, and Goethe, were at the head of the *coterie* of literati who adorned his small dominion, and the eyes of the public were fixed upon it with a regard and a veneration which places of greater pretension would in vain have claimed. Of these writers Goethe was confessed to be the most eminent. No less amiable in his private relations than he was excellent in his writings, he was the intimate friend of Schiller, with whom he trode the same path to dramatic fame without the slightest feeling of envy clouding their union. He did not think it was a degradation to his fame, or incompatible with his views, to accept the post of director of the theatre at Weimar.

He was always happy to receive the visits of men whom their talents had distinguished, and strangers who happened to be staying at Weimar found no difficulty in being admitted to his parties. At these assemblies, which were of the most agreeable kind, and graced by the company of the most remarkable and worthy persons, the conversation turned upon poetry, the arts, philosophy, and other subjects of important interest, while the spirit with which it was sustained, and the wit and learning which were contributed to it, rendered these *réunions* truly "the feast of reason and flow of the soul." It is to them that may be in a great measure referred the impulse which at this period was given to German literature; they furnished what was before wanting, a centre of unity and of action, and in his own words Goethe held an assembly of the states general of literature. His fame spread into other countries; he was made a member of most of the Continental academies, and corresponding member of the French Institute; without seeking—almost without wishing for them, every description of literary honour was conferred upon him. In his native city of Frankfort a statue was erected in honour of him, and this example has been followed, we believe, by several other German towns. The veneration in which the people of Germany held him reached

almost the ridiculous side of enthusiasm. The ingenious Mad. de Stael said, with little exaggeration, that his countrymen would believe the direction of a letter, if written by his hand, would display proofs of genius. It cannot be said that he has evinced any desire to make an unworthy use of this influence. He has borne his honours meekly, and has exercised his power with discretion; whenever he has seen the taste of his countrymen inclining towards a blameable excess, in any respect, he has interposed the powerful effect of his own example to counteract it, which has always been successful. His tragedy of "Faust," and the others of the same school, were written to prove to Germans that it was possible to quit with advantage and with credit that servile path in which they had so long trodden; but, when he found that the romantic style had so far become prevalent, that mischievous consequences to literature might have ensued, he composed his "Iphigenia in Tanis," for the purpose of displaying the beauties of the more classic drama, and of correcting the error.

Goethe has tried his powers in all the departments of literature, and has been eminently successful in all. Many of his minor poems have been translated into our language; but those who wish to form a correct estimate of his genius, must consult his works in the original. He has also written treatises upon mathematics and jurisprudence, as well as a curious work upon botany. He has likewise edited several German periodicals, of unequal merit; but in all he has displayed that mastery and profundity which places him at the head of the German literati. In 1813 appeared the first volume of his "Memoirs," written by himself; and has been continued since from time to time.

When at Erfurt, in 1807, Goethe had an interview with Buonaparte. They had a long and animated conversation, at the end of which the emperor detached from his own button-hole the Cross of the Legion of Honour, for the purpose of bestowing it on the poet:—a high and singular testimony of the estimation in which he held his talents.

M. Goethe has been favourably

distinguished by the bounties of Nature, in his person as well as in his intellect. He enjoys robust health, his figure is noble and majestic, his face handsome and intelligent, and his features do not convey to ordinary beholders an age which he has reached. At seventy years of age he had not a single grey hair. One of his countrymen, alluding to this, paid him an

elegant compliment; he accounted for it, by saying that the eternal sunshine of his genius bid defiance to the snows of time. He enjoys advantages and distinctions which rarely fall to the lot of literary men; he has the favour of princes, the admiration of the people, and the enjoyment of a competent fortune.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BIBLE-READER.

CHAPTER VI.

I know not whether it were from attraction or association, stupidity or inspiration, that I bent my steps towards my native country. The morning on which I undertook my spiritual journey, was such as might have made an infidel religious. The balmy air of summer was perfumed by the odours of twenty thousand herbs; while the rich livery of hill and dale conspired to give to the whole face of nature an indication of a divinity, intent on promoting the happiness of man. These things, however, had but few charms for me; in truth, the verdure of the trees, and the rich tints of the flowers, appeared as the drapery of vanity—as things calculated to avert the mind from the contemplation of that spiritual world on which my eyes were fixed. I walked along with a solemn step, meditating on the good work I was about to accomplish, all the time fancying that I should outrival Wesley and Whitfield; for, notwithstanding my grave looks, my tightly bound cravat, and collarless shirt, my black coat, and still blacker stockings, I was in a great measure under the influence of pride: I wished to acquire a kind of religious reputation—the honourable name of ‘Saint.’ Still I was not devoid of zeal—quite the contrary; and considering the nature of my belief—my motives—so far as the individual was concerned, were meritorious. I was taught to believe—every Methodist necessarily believes—that the Catholics are damned, if they die in their faith; and, therefore, I wanted to convert them; I wanted to withdraw them from the abominations of the scarlet lady. Every one of my former brethren know that I speak the truth: they at-

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tribute exclusive salvation to the church of Rome, while every one of their own conventicles invariably hold the same doctrine. Every church which wishes to be permanent, be its members few or many, must hold exclusive salvation as a necessary tenet. If they do not, they are not for this world, whatever they may be for the next. Political connexions, the influence of government, and the interests of the clergy, may, for a time, prolong its existence. But its downfall cannot be prevented: it is numbered, and must follow the things that were. Look at the history of each and every creed that is and has been, and surely you will not want any abstract arguments to prove so plain a proposition.

On passing through a little village, about fifteen miles from Dublin, my ears were assailed by a profane conversation carried on, rather boisterously, in a blacksmith’s shop. There might have been a dozen persons altogether; and, judging from some words relative to ‘priests,’ ‘mass,’ and ‘holy water,’ I concluded that they were all Catholics. My soul rejoiced; for, lo! the harvest was ripe for the sickle; and, without more ado, I popped my head into Vulcan’s sooty apartment, exclaiming, ‘The peace of Christ Jesus—the man God—be amongst you!’ The people stared—some of the youngest twittered, and the man of iron relaxed his ponderous strength, and leaned to hear.

There was a pause; at length an elderly man said, ‘God save you, sir! This is a warm day for travellin.’

‘Ay,’ I replied; ‘but what is it to the heat that burns the sinner without consuming him?’

'Very true, sir, hell is a terrible place, sure enough.'

'Then, why art thou running headlong into it? Why don't you abandon the idolatry of thy church, long since foredoomed? Why don't you apply, through Christ Jesus, for his saving grace, and read the Scriptures?'

'Paddy,' cried the smith, 'run for the masther.'

'Where is he?' asked Paddy.

'In the skule,' answered the smith.

'No, he's in Jem Ronan's ale-house,' said one of the bystanders.

Away Paddy ran; and in a few minutes he returned, followed by an authoritatively looking personage, apparently in great haste. 'God save all here,' said he, as he entered; and then taking his seat on the anvil, with his heels on the block beneath it, he looked into my face with the confidence of one accustomed to victory in the wordy war. The smith and his guests rubbed their hands with glee; and I could not help remarking, that they winked at each other rather significantly. Nothing daunted, however, I addressed the pedagogue, saying, 'Thou art the mouthpiece of these mistaken men, and —'

'Hould, hould!' said the schoolmaster; 'these men are not mistaken.'

'Not mistaken! Are they not Papists?'

'Papist, sir, is an ugly name—call us Kathlics, if you please. Decency, Catty, hunny, all the wourld over.'

'I would not hurt their feelings needlessly; but how can rational men adhere to a church full of abominations.'

'That's the way wid yees all, blackcaps. 'Twas ony next Thursday come three weeks that I sacked a swaddler, down there at Jem Ronan's, on that very point. The "church," sir, "is the pillar an ground o' truth," as St. Paul ses: "and, behold, I'm wid you all days, even to the consummation of the wourld." That's the text, sir; answer me that if you can.'

The people murmured applause; and the smith exclaimed, 'What a thunderin long head you have o' your own, masther jewel—God bless you.'

'You mistake, sir,' said I, calmly 'your church is no longer the church of Christ.'

'Oh, oh!' exclaimed all but the schoolmaster, who, fixing his ferrety eye upon me, replied, 'Then, where is the true church? or, is there any church at all?'

'Certainly,' I replied, 'the church always existed in the hearts of the faithful.'

'Och! that's an answer, is it? Why, man, the church signifies the people united together under one head; for as St. Paul says, "As in one body we have many members, but all the members have not the same office; so we being many, are one body, in Christ, and every one members one of another." What did our Redeemer say to his Apostles? "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me; Obey your prelates and be subject to them." Och, 'tis enough to set a man mad, to hear the fools o' swaddlers that are runnin an rantin through the country, about grace and faith, when they haven't an inch o' ground to stand on. I'd give em,' he continued, raising his voice, 'controversy for a month; an, if you'd take a fool's advice, young man, you'd come down, here below to the priest, an make your pace wid the only true church.'

This was turning the tables upon me, and I own that the grin of satisfaction which was visible on the lips of all present somewhat disconcerted me. 'Now sir,' continued the schoolmaster, in a pompous tone, 'what church do *you* belong to?'

The question was a puzzler. I had never given the subject a moment's consideration; and if I had, what reply could I have given? 'A Protestant,' that would be no answer, and therefore I replied, 'The Protestant church.' The bit of equivocation which came here to my assistance was highly valuable, but when my opponent inquired if by Protestant I meant the established church of England, I was left without a loop-hole to peep through; I was a Protestant in some measure, but I had certainly ceased to be a member of the establishment; I was therefore compelled to use all my rhetoric to preserve

consistency; and after an hour's disputation on various points, I was happy to find an opportunity of making a precipitate retreat. I regarded it as a drawn battle, but my adversaries looked upon it as a complete triumph. They slapped the schoolmaster on the back, and all but hooted after me when I withdrew.

I was somewhat mortified at what appeared, even to myself, a failure on my first enterprise; and many of my 'brethren' subsequently admitted, in common with me, that those egregiously who represent the Irish Catholics as ignorant, priest-ridden bipeds. Perhaps there is not a people in Europe better skilled in controversial weapons. How could it be otherwise? Religion—Catholicism and Protestantism—is a subject of perpetual conversation; it is their table-talk; and latterly, from the fruitless efforts of the Biblicals, a degree of intelligence on theological questions is infused through the country, unexampled where similar causes do not exist. And where else do they exist? The most ignorant amongst them are in possession of those texts and arguments which go to substantiate the claims of their church to priority and universality, as well as those passages of Scripture which support her most prominent doctrines. Hence the want of success in all those who have undertaken to withdraw Irishmen from the faith of their fathers.

At about five miles from the smithy I found myself in the midst of a crowd, travelling the same road.—They consisted mostly of pedestrians, dressed in their 'Sunday clothes'; and appeared to be in anticipation of pleasure. On entering into conversation with some of them, I learnt that they were proceeding to a *pat-tern*; and, as my gorge was raised at such profaneness, I hurried to the scene of action—a retired churchyard, and the hedges and ditches around it. The booths, or tents, were already erected; and the scraping of one or two blind fiddlers excited my holy indignation to such a pitch of frenzy, that I actually fancied Satan was perceptible in the midst of the still increasing throng. Filled with the deepest anguish at the sight of

so many human beings pursuing a course of damnable pleasure, I mounted the only tombstone in the churchyard, and commenced sermonizing. I took my text from Isaiah: 'Which of you can dwell with devouring fire? Which of you shall dwell with everlasting burnings?'—The terrible import of these words secured me an immediate attention, and the circle of listeners was continually increasing, when the priest made his appearance. 'Away, away?' said he: they obeyed. Then, turning to me, he continued, 'Young man, I ordered the people to disperse, not from any apprehension that you could harm them, but for fear that they would harm you.'

He said this with so much politeness, and appeared so much undisturbed, that I could not do otherwise than make a bow and retire. Still I could not leave the place without making another effort to reclaim such lost sinners; and, whilst meditating where I should commence the good work, my eyes were attracted to the extremity of an adjoining field, where a number of persons seemed to congregate. Hither I instantly bent my steps; and, when I had approached within a hundred yards of the place, I perceived that the point of attraction was a holy well; around which several old women were devoutly saying their prayers, several younger ones sitting at a distance, and, of course, a bevy of rustic *beaux* were not far distant. This was too much for endurance: I rushed towards the spot, exclaiming, 'Children of wrath, why tempt the Almighty with your idolatry? Forego your abominable practice!'

The old women turned round, and, like rabbits in a burrow, sat quite unconcerned on their *hunkers*. In a moment, however, they resumed their former attitude, and this so provoked me that I resolved to compel them to rise. In the hurry of the moment, however, I slipped, and fell with my head in the stomach of one of the pious votaries. She gave a scream, and, in endeavouring to extricate myself, I overturned two others. All now was confusion. 'He's a swaddler!' cried one. 'He's the devil!' cried another; and, before I

could give any explanation or apologize, I was in the grasp of half a dozen athletic fellows, who hurried me over the hedge, and across an adjoining field. There was a swimming in my head, and in a moment my whole body underwent an immersion; I was thrown into a river, amidst shouts and jeers. With a slight effort I regained the opposite bank; and, with zeal considerably cooled, I turned round and addressed my persecutors. 'The Lord forgive them, they know not what they do.' I said no more, but walked solemnly away.

An hospitable farmer, seeing the condition I was in, invited me into his house, where I dried my clothes,

and procured a bed for the night. The reverses I encountered had considerably modified my zeal, and I had some thoughts of remeasuring my footsteps, and leaving the destruction of popery to other hands, when, opening my pocket Bible, I encountered the following verse:

'And upon her forehead was a name written, *Mystery, Babylon the great, the MOTHER OF HARLOTS*, and abominations of the earth.'

Here I thought was indicated Rome, the Pope, and Antichrist, and once more my zeal was revived—the people were to be rescued from the jaws of popery.

ADDRESS TO THE GREEKS.

Oh! who that has a soul could bear
To be a patient branded slave—
A tyrant's shackles tamely wear,
And think upon the immortal brave—
The glorious few who dared to be
As God had made them—bold and free,
Inheritors of liberty.

Proud heroes of Thermopylæ!
Say, can you basely bend the knee
To slaves of false unhallowed creed;
Or crouch beneath the tyranny
Of those who made your country bleed?
Oh! rather let your bones blanch white,
Beneath yon heaven-resplendent light,
Nobly contending for your right
In the great cause of Liberty!

Say, can you see your ruined fanes—
Your children butchered in your view—
And hesitate to burst the chains
That bind you to yon Moslem crew?
No! greatly spurn the coward's heart,
That fears his galling links to part;
And, like the mountain eagle, dart
Resistless on these dastard slaves!
Think, think upon your former fame,
How Greeks the Persian power withstood;
And, as you boast the Grecian name,
Let Europe own you Greeks in blood.
On, on to battle! Let yon sun
Look proudly on the deeds you've done—
Your country freed—your lost fame won—
Or sink into your glorious graves.

Carrick-on-Suir.

R. BRENNAN.

ROUGH NOTES IN THE PAMPAS.*

'THOSE who run may read' is proverbial, but we never imagined that those who galloped could write until we met the volume before us. Our scepticism, however, has vanished; and we are seriously led to think that compositions on horse-back must partake of that independence and energy which our author ascribes to the Gauchos—if his book be taken as a specimen.

'I was,' says our galloping captain, 'on duty at Edinburgh, in the corps of engineers, when it was proposed to me to take charge of an association, the object of which was to work the gold and silver mines of the provinces of Rio de la Plata; and, accordingly, at a very few days' notice, I sailed from Falmouth, and landed at Buenos Aires about a week after the Cornish miners had arrived there.

'Accompanied by two highly respectable captains of the Cornish mines, a French assayer, who had been brought up by the celebrated Vauquelin, a surveyor, and three miners, I proceeded across the great plains of the Pampas to the gold mines of San Luis, and from thence to the silver mines of Uspallata, which are beyond Mendoza, about a thousand miles from Buenos Aires.

'I then left my party at Mendoza, and from the mines I rode back again to Buenos Aires by myself, performing the distance in eight days. I there unexpectedly received letters which made it necessary for me to go immediately to Chili, and I accordingly again crossed the Pampas, and, joining my party at Mendoza, we went over the Andes to Santiago, and from thence, without any delay, we went together in different directions about twelve hundred miles, to inspect gold and silver mines; and on the night that I concluded my report on the last mine, we again set off to recross the Cordillera, and leaving my party in the plains, I rode across the Pampas to Buenos Aires, and as soon as I arrived there I dismissed a proportion of the miners, and return-

ed with the rest to England.'—*Preface*, P. 6—8.

And be it remembered all these journeys were performed in a gallop; and the 'Rough Notes' made, of course, on horseback; for the captain appears to have become a fixture there while in South America. Galloping Hogan, the Irish Rapparee, was nothing of a horseman compared to the galloping Captain Head. 'The most independent way of travelling,' he tells us, 'is without baggage, and without an attendant. In this case, the traveller starts from Buenos Aires or Mendoza with a postilion, who is changed at every post. He has to saddle his own horses, and to sleep at night upon the ground on his saddle; and as he is unable to carry any provisions, he must throw himself completely on the feeble resources of the country, and live on little else than beef and water.

'It is of course a hard life; but it is so delightfully independent, and if one is in good riding condition, so rapid a mode of travelling, that I twice chose it, and would always prefer it; but I recommend no one to attempt it, unless he is in good health and condition.

'When I first crossed the Pampas, I went with a carriage, and although I had been accustomed to riding all my life, I could not at all ride with the peons, and after galloping five or six hours was obliged to get into the carriage; but after I had been riding for three or four months, and had lived upon beef and water, I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me. Although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak, yet a few hours' sleep upon my saddle, on the ground, always so completely restored me, that for a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, could ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten and twelve horses a day. This will explain the immense distances which people in South America are

* Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas, and among the Andes. By Captain F. B. Head. London: Murray, 1826.

said to ride, which I am confident could only be done on beef and water.

'At first, the constant galloping confuses the head, and I have often been so giddy when I dismounted that I could scarcely stand; but the system, by degrees, gets accustomed to it, and it then becomes the most delightful life which one can possibly enjoy. It is delightful from its variety, and from the natural mode of reflecting which it encourages—for, in the grey of the morning, while the air is still frosty and fresh, while the cattle are looking wild and scared, and while the whole face of Nature has the appearance of youth and innocence, one indulges in those feelings and speculations in which, right or wrong, it is so agreeable to err; but the heat of the day, and the fatigue of the body, gradually bring the mind to reason; before the sun has set many opinions are corrected, and, as in the evening of life, one looks back with calm regret upon the past follies of the morning.'—P. 49—51.

As we love to look upon the bright side of things—to think well of each man and every man—of our own country and every country—we are delighted to meet with a traveller—fast as he rides—who is so much after our own heart. From Captain Head's 'Rough Notes,' therefore, we shall proceed to extract a picture of South American life, about which we have hitherto known nothing accurately—taking, at the same time, the liberty to call in the more sober authority of Mr. Miers to correct some of those pardonable exaggerations into which the captain, from his excessive good nature, has fallen. Our extracts will have all the appearance of a romance—of a poet's dream—but they will be nevertheless faithful—too faithful pictures of a people but too little known, and whose manners and pursuits are at once novel and peculiar.

The face of the country is not less singular than the people. 'The mountains of the Andes run about north and south through the whole of South America, and they are consequently nearly parallel to the two shores of the Pacific and the Atlantic

oceans, dividing the country between them into two unequal parts, each bounded by an ocean and by the Cordillera.

'It would at first be expected that these twin countries, separated only by a range of mountains, should have a great resemblance to each other; but variety is the attribute of Omnipotence, and nature has granted to these two countries a difference of climate and geological construction which is very remarkable.'—P. 1.

Chili is as mountainous as Scotland, while 'the great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Aires, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are ever-greens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the

thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible, that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them.'—P. 2—4.

And in reality these thistles do form a barrier against the approach of a hostile army; for Mr. Miers tells us that when they attain a certain size the Guachos rest secure that their eternal enemies, the Indians, cannot molest them.

The whole face of the country wears the livery with which the Omnipotent originally clothed it. Man has not yet interrupted its natural order. 'The rivers,' says Captain Head, 'all preserve their course, and the whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive out their cattle to graze, and, without any previous preparation, to plough whatever quantity of ground their wants might require.'—P. 6—7.

Alas! we fear not; for cultivation would have to encounter a most formidable enemy—the locust. The following is from Mr. Miers:—

'The whole surface of the country, especially that part of the province of Santa Fe southward of the river, is an uninterrupted pampa, which generally presents the finest pasturage grounds that can be conceived. When I was here in the month of January, the ground was completely bare and dried up, as if it were incapable of vegetation; and this will appear the more surprising when we reflect that the province is almost destitute of cattle. This was the effect of a dreadful plague with which the country had been visited—a plague of locusts in such numbers as had not been known for twenty years. I have both heard and read of these dreadful plagues, but I could never have given credit to the extent of the ravage

committed, had not the effects been placed before my eyes: these insects had in great measure left the province of Buenos Ayres, and were committing their ravages in those of Santa Fe and Cordova. From the Canada de Lucas to the Cerrillo, a distance of more than two hundred miles, the locusts actually covered the ground; and it is utterly impossible to conceive the numbers of these rapacious insects: the country, but for them, would have been covered with tall thick grass, but it was now only in isolated patches; almost the whole extent of pasture ground for many hundreds of square leagues had been entirely devoured to the very roots, and the bare ground only was visible. All the gardens, consisting of extensive plantations of maize, pumpkins, melons, and water-melons, beans, and other vegetables, had been completely swept off the surface of the earth, not a vestige of them remained; the hard pith of the maize-stalks, like so many bare sticks, only pointed out where extensive gardens had existed: the fruit trees equally fell a prey to the voracity of the insect: not only the fruit was devoured, peaches, apples, plums, oranges, &c.; not only was every leaf devoured, but the very bark, more especially of the younger shoots, was completely eaten off.

'I rode one afternoon thirteen leagues between the Arroyo de San José and the Esquina de Medrano, through one uninterrupted flight of locusts: they were flying at a good pace before the wind, in a contrary direction to our course, which we rode at the rate of twelve miles an hour; they flew in a thick uninterrupted crowd, about twenty feet over our heads, the air appearing as if filled with large flakes of falling snow; but the distance of the level pampas seemed shut in all round by a thick haze, which actually darkened the horizon. The myriads and myriads of insects we must have passed on that afternoon are far beyond all calculation. Next morning the ground was covered by them as before stated, and the day was followed by the interminable flights of these insects.

'The town of Cordova was beset with them, the gardens wholly destroyed, and the white-washed walls

were hidden by the swarms that covered them. They entered the houses devouring food of all kinds—nothing was free from their voracity. Curtains, clothes, and furniture, were more or less attacked; slaves were employed to sweep them off the walls of the rooms, and frighten them away as much as possible. These insects became so ravenous for want of food before they left the place that they began devouring each other, and millions were left dead upon the ground.'—Vol. I, P. 204—206.

The climate too is, in summer, excessively hot; men and animals are exhausted by it.

These vast plains are inhabited only by the Indians, who reside in the southern parts, and a few Gauchos, as the rural population are called. 'The population or number of these Gauchos is very small, and at great distances from each other: they are scattered here and there over the face of the country. Many of these people are descended from the best families in Spain; they possess good manners, and often very noble sentiments: the life they lead is very interesting—they generally inhabit the hut in which they were born, and in which their fathers and grandfathers lived before them, although it appears to a stranger to possess few of the allurements of *dulce domum*. The huts are built in the same simple form; for although luxury has ten thousand plans and elevations for the frail abode of its more frail tenant, yet the hut in all countries is the same, and therefore there is no difference between that of the South American Gaucho, and the Highlander of Scotland, excepting that the former is built of mud, and covered with long yellow grass, while the other is formed of stones, and thatched with heather. The materials of both are the immediate produce of the soil, and

both are so blended in colour with the face of the country, that it is often difficult to distinguish them; and as the pace at which one gallops in South America is rapid, and the country flat, one scarcely discovers the dwelling before one is at the door. The corral is about fifty or one hundred yards from the hut, and is a circle of about thirty yards in diameter, enclosed by a number of strong rough posts, the ends of which are struck into the ground. Upon these posts are generally a number of idle-looking vultures or hawks,* and the ground around the hut and corral is covered with bones and carcasses of horses, bullocks' horns, wool, &c., which give it the smell and appearance of an ill-kept dog-kennel in England.

'The hut consists generally of one room, in which all the family live, boys, girls, men, women, and children, all huddled together. The kitchen is a detached shed a few yards off: there are always holes, both in the walls and in the roof of the hut, which one at first considers as singular marks of the indolence of the people.'—P. 14—16.

They sleep in the open air, and good reason why:

'I was for some time at a loss to understand why these people should thus prefer sleeping exposed to the boisterous winds, in the open air, in preference to the shelter of a roof; but on a better acquaintance with the country, the cause became evident. It is owing to the dread of the *benchuca*, a winged variety of the *cimex*; it is in shape and form like the common house-bug, but of the size of a cockchafer. This insect conceals itself by day in the thatch and cane roofing of the houses, and sallies forth by night in quest of food; the people therefore place their beds at some distance from the hut, and

* 'The hawks are very tame, and they are seldom to be seen except at the huts; but occasionally they have followed me for many leagues, keeping just before me, and with their round black eyes gazing intently on my face, which I fancied attracted their notice from being burnt by the sun, and I literally often thought they were a little inclined to taste it. They are constantly in the habit of attacking the horses and mules who have sore backs; and I have often observed these birds hovering about six inches above them. It is curious to compare the countenance of the two animals. The hawk, with his head bent downwards, and his eye earnestly fixed upon the wound: the mule with his back crouched down, his ears lying back, whisking his tail, afraid to eat, and apparently not knowing whether to rear or kick.

always to windward, to avoid their attacks. They annoy mankind after the manner of our common house-bug, but from their size are terrific enemies. They are thin and flat, like the common bug; but after satiating themselves with the blood of man, they become quite round; they take from him as much blood as the ordinary medicinal leech. Cleanliness and care is not of the same avail against the benchuca as against the common bug, since, being winged, it can transport itself from one place to another. It is common over the districts of Mendoza, San Juan, and the more northern provinces. In the town of Mendoza, this insect is very numerous; and one of the reasons why all the roofs are covered over with a plastering of mud, is to prevent a harbour for this enemy to mankind: in Mendoza the inhabitants, both men and women, generally prefer sleeping in the court-yards of their houses; but when they do sleep in doors, it is an undeviating custom, before retiring to rest, to examine the walls carefully, as the benchucas generally crawl out of their hiding place in the canes of the roof after dusk.'—Vol. I. P. 129, 130.

Thus what appears a strange or even a barbarous practice to a stranger may have had its origin in necessity. Mr. Miers has some judicious remarks on this head which we shall extract.

'Necessity alone has been the author of national customs, and it cannot be denied that methods must vary according to the peculiar resources of the country, and the habits of the natives. On my arrival in Chile every thing appeared to be irrationally contrived and barbarously managed; but the more I became acquainted with the people and their customs, the more I saw of the country and its productions, the better I understood the capabilities of the land, the more I discovered ingenuity in that which I before considered barbarous, and could trace a far better adaptation of those means to the condition of the people, and the present nature of the country, than our own English notions could possibly have contrived. It is the habit of an Englishman, educated in the midst of

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the most admirable contrivances, and used to means adapted to a highly refined, industrious, and intelligent community, to carry his notions of improvement to every foreign object which comes under his observation; and it is easier, and more gratifying to apply these notions than to unlearn his knowledge, and bring back his ideas to a state applicable to a more primitive condition of society.'—Vol. II. P. 381, 2.

'Born in the rude hut,' says Captain Head, 'the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is left to swing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn towards each other by four strips of hide. In the first year of his life he crawls about without clothes, and I have more than once seen a mother give a child of this age a sharp knife, a foot long, to play with. As soon as he walks, his infantine amusements are those which prepare him for the occupations of his future life: with a lasso made of twine he tries to catch little birds, or the dogs, as they walk in and out of the hut. By the time he is four years old he is on horse-back, and immediately becomes useful by assisting to drive the cattle into the corral. The manner in which these children ride is quite extraordinary: if a horse tries to escape from the flock which are driven towards the corral, I have frequently seen a child pursue him, overtake him, and then bring him back, flogging him the whole way; in vain the creature tries to dodge and escape from him, for the child turns with him, and always keeps close to him; and it is a curious fact, which I have often observed, that a mounted horse is always able to overtake a loose one.

'His amusements and his occupations soon become more manly—careless of the biscacheros (the holes of an animal called the biscacho) which undermine the plains, and which are very dangerous, he gallops after the ostrich, the gama, the lion, and the tiger; he catches them with his balls: and with his lasso he daily assists in catching the wild cattle, and in dragging them to the hut either for slaughter, or to be marked. He breaks in the young horses in the manner which I have described, and in these

occupations is often away from his hut many days, changing his horse as soon as the animal is tired, and sleeping on the ground. As his constant food is beef and water, his constitution is so strong that he is able to endure great fatigue; and the distances he will ride, and the number of hours that he will remain on horseback, would hardly be credited. The unrestrained freedom of such a life he fully appreciates; and, unacquainted with subjection of any sort, his mind is often filled with sentiments of liberty which are as noble as they are harmless, although they of course partake of the wild habits of his life. Vain is the endeavour to explain to him the luxuries and blessings of a more civilized life; his ideas are, that the noblest effort of man is to raise himself off the ground and ride instead of walk—that no rich garments or variety of food can atone for the want of a horse—and that the print of the human foot on the ground is in his mind the symbol of uncivilization.

‘The Gaucho has by many people been accused of indolence; those who visit his hut find him at the door with his arms folded, and his poncho thrown over his left shoulder like a Spanish cloak; his hut is in holes, and would evidently be made more comfortable by a few hours’ labour: in a beautiful climate, he is without fruit or vegetables; surrounded by cattle, he is often without milk; he lives without bread, and he has no food but beef and water, and therefore those who contrast his life with that of the English peasant accuse him of indolence; but the comparison is inapplicable, and the accusation unjust; and any one who will live with the Gaucho, and will follow him through his exertions, will find that he is any thing but indolent, and his surprise will be that he is able to continue a life of so much fatigue. It is true that the Gaucho has no luxuries, but the great feature of his character is, that he is a person without wants: accustomed constantly to live in the open air, and to sleep on the ground, he does not consider that a few holes in his hut deprive it of its comfort. It is not that he does not like the taste of milk, but he prefers being without it to the every-day occu-

pation of going in search of it. He might, it is true, make cheese, and sell it for money, but if he has got a good saddle and good spurs, he does not consider that money has much value; in fact, he is contented with his lot; and when one reflects that, in the increasing series of human luxuries, there is no point that produces contentment, one cannot but feel that there is perhaps as much philosophy as folly in the Gaucho’s determination to exist without wants; and the life he leads is certainly more noble than if he was slaving from morning till night to get other food for his body or other garments to cover it. It is true he is of little service to the great cause of civilization, which it is the duty of every rational being to promote; but an humble individual, living by himself in a boundless plain, cannot introduce into the vast uninhabited regions which surround him either arts or sciences: he may, therefore, without blame be permitted to leave them as he found them, and as they must remain, until population, which will create wants, devises the means of supplying them.

‘The character of the Gaucho is often very estimable; he is always hospitable—at his hut the traveller will always find a friendly welcome, and he will often be received with a natural dignity of manner which is very remarkable, and which he scarcely expects to meet with in such a miserable-looking hovel. On entering the hut, the Gaucho has constantly risen to offer me his seat, which I have declined, and many compliments and bows have passed, until I have accepted his offer, which is the skeleton of a horse’s head. It is curious to see them invariably take off their hats to each other as they enter into a room which has no window, a bullock’s head for a door, and but little roof.

‘The habits of the women are very curious: they have literally nothing to do; the great plains which surround them offer them no motive to walk, they seldom ride, and *their* lives certainly are very indolent and inactive. They have all, however, families, whether married or not; and once when I inquired of a young woman employed in nursing a very

pretty child, who was the father of the "creatura," she replied, *Quein sabe!*—P. 19—24.

This is the bright side—but it admits of deductions. The Gaucho *CAN* not be happy—he lives in perpetual apprehension, first of robbers, and next of the Indians. When he falls—and he is perpetually falling—from his horse and breaks a limb, there is no physician—there is no remedy even when he falls ill.

'In the middle of the Pampas' says Captain Head, 'I once found a Gaucho standing at the hut, with his left hand resting on the palm of his other hand, and apparently suffering great pain. He told me his horse had just fallen with him in a *biscachero*, and he begged me to look at his hand. The large muscle of the thumb was very much swelled, and every time I touched it with my fore-finger, the poor fellow opened his mouth, and lifted up one of his legs. Being quite puzzled with one side of his hand, I thought I would turn it round, and look at the other side, and upon doing so, it was instantly evident that the thumb was out of joint. I asked him if there was a doctor near; the Gaucho said he believed there was one at Cordova, but as it was five hundred miles off, he might as well have pointed to the moon. "Is there no person," said I, "nearer than Cordova, that understands anything about it?" "No *hai*, *Senor*," said the poor fellow. I asked him what he intended to do with his thumb; he replied that he had washed it with salt and water, and then he earnestly asked me if that was good for it? "Si! si! si!" said I, walking away in despair, for I thought it was useless to hint to him, that "not all the water in the wide rude sea" would put his thumb into its joint; and although I knew it ought to be pulled, yet one is so ignorant of such operations, that not knowing in what direction, I therefore left the poor fellow looking at his thumb, in the same attitude in which I found him—P. 83—4.

But their great enemy is the Indians.

'Province of Santa Fé to be described—its wild, desolate appearance—has been so constantly ravaged by the Pampas Indians, that there are now no cattle in the whole

province, and people are afraid to live there. On the right and left of the road, and distant thirty and forty miles, one occasionally sees the remains of a little hut which has been burnt by the Indians, and as one gallops along, the Gaucho relates how many people were murdered in each—how many infants slaughtered—and whether the women were killed or carried away. The old post-huts are also burnt—new ones have been built by the side of the ruins, but the rough plan of their construction shews the insecurity of their tenure. These huts are occupied only by men, who are themselves generally robbers, but in a few instances their families are living with them. When one thinks of the dreadful fate which has befallen so many poor families in this province, and that any moment may bring the Indians again among them, it is really shocking to see women living in such a dreadful situation—to fancy that they should be so blind, and so heedless of experience; and it is distressing to see a number of innocent little children playing about the door of a hut, in which they may be all massacred, unconscious of the fate that may await them, or of the blood-thirsty, vindictive passions of man.'—P. 87, 88.

Captain Head is not correct in stating that these Indians are handsome. They have a head at which a phrenologist would shudder; and when he applauds their bravery he mistakes fortitude for courage—two very different things. Barbarians are strangers to courage: their attacking the huts at night shows that courage is unknown to them. In fact, like all other savages, the South American Indians are treacherous and deceitful; they do not go naked, as our author supposes: they dress, as we learn from Mr. Miers, like the Guachos, and the finest ponchos are the produce of the Indian women's hands. They frequently spend twelve months in fabricating one.

Let us now turn to the towns:

'The town of Buenos Aires is far from being an agreeable residence for those who are accustomed to English comforts. The water is extremely impure, scarce, and consequently expensive. The town is badly paved and dirty, and the houses are the

most comfortless abodes I ever entered. The walls, from the climate, are damp, mouldy, and discoloured. The floors are badly paved with bricks, which are generally cracked, and often in holes. The roofs have no ceiling, and the families have no idea of warming themselves except by huddling round a fire of charcoal, which is put outside the door until the car-

bonic acid gas has rolled away.'—P.30.

This description applies equally to the other towns, and here we take our leave of the galloping captain, and just by way of conclusion we must inform the reader that the gold and silver mines, so confidently and so ostentatiously set forth in the prospectus of the 'Association,' were nowhere to be found.

ARCHBISHOP MAGEE'S CHARGE.

Rory O'Rourke, Esq. to the Editor.

MY DEAR EDITOR—Allow me to claim six pages and a half of your next number—I want that space for a sterling article; in which I pledge myself to give Protestantism, or rather the Established Church, its death-blow, through the sides of the Archbishop of Dublin. I am downright serious; for, if Dr. Magee is a faithful expounder of the creed he is paid fifteen thousand a year for teaching, the Church of England is directly opposed to the best interests of society; it is what his grace sneeringly says its enemies pronounced it—A CURSE. I am no theologian, though a contemporary of his grace in old Trinity, but I do know something of logic—I understand a little of the right use of reason; and as for common sense, my brain overflows with it. Now I intend to fight with these weapons, and none other; and if I do not floor, as Pierce Egan would say, the Goliath of the Irish Establishment, I shall allow you, and every one of my brother contributors, to write me down—AN ASS!

I do not intend to follow his grace through all his metaphysical and theological labyrinth: I shall pin him down to his definition of Protestantism; because it contains doctrines and principles which I believe, so help me God! never to have been taught by Christ—which are directly opposed to the happiness of society, and which, if promulgated by an angel from Heaven, mankind OUGHT NOT to subscribe to; unless human nature, and inanimate nature, underwent, at the moment, a complete change.

We live in a new era: this has been often said before, but our day affords the most convincing proof of its truth.

Until within these few years the Protestants looked down with utter contempt upon their Catholic brethren; they regarded them as adherents of a church filled with corruption, and abounding with error. Their own creed, of course, was the very quintessence of purity—quite unassailable; being armed cap-a-pie with scripture texts at all points. In the presumption of its superior godliness, it at length wantonly sallied out on its unoffending opponent, and provoked her to hostilities. While Hannibal was approaching Rome, Scipio was thundering at the gates of Carthage—the assailants, in their turn, became the defendants: and Protestants have now got plenty to do in protecting the citadel of their own creed. A schism has sprung up in their own camp; while the destructive missiles of the enemy show but too obviously that the Established Church was not that pure, godly, edifying thing which its votaries thought it to be; that it was far more defenceless, both in doctrine and practice, than that vilified Church which Archbishop Magee abhors with so much Protestant edification. His grace's first charge was not very remarkable for any thing but stupidity, and a foolish antithesis—it allowed Catholics the kernel of religion, and reserved the shell for the Protestants. His latter display was a thing of another sort: it is a laborious—and the advocate frequently sinks under his responsibility—vindication of the Established Church from the attacks of Dr. Doyle and others; and, what is stranger still, from the admission of a truly good Protestant bishop, Dr. Lawrence. Sophistry predominates from beginning to end; it is a

tissue of false reasoning. Popery he assails with the old blunted weapons; and his grace of Dublin and Glendolough—the reputed author of the book on the atonement—does not hesitate to ‘repeat the lie so oft o’erthrown,’ and the other ‘imputed trash,’ which is so useful to the Murrough O’Sullivan of the Established Church; men as devoid of an original idea, as their prototype, the donkey, is of swiftness. This charge

of Archbishop Magee is the most impolitic, imprudent confession of the defenceless state of Protestantism that ever was delivered. It must not, it will not, pass unnoticed: its theological discrepancies I leave others to point out—its political and philosophical doctrines shall be exposed by me in the next number of the ‘Dublin and London.’ I expect before then to be put in possession of an authentic copy.

EVENINGS AT FLANAGAN’S.

PRESENT—SIR HARCOURT LEES—
DAVID M’CLEARY—LONG SUTTER
—LOW LAMPREY, AND H. B.
CODEY.

Sir Harcourt—Well, Davy, my hearty, we got on famously at the Lord Mayor’s dinner; but what the deuce did you mean by jumping on the table, with your old orange pocket-handkerchief in your hand?

Sutter—Ay, Davy, wasn’t it enough for the father of the city to give the hip, hip, when he announced the old glorious.

M’Cleary—Be quiet, Mister Common Councilman, Collector Grounds, be aisy, or you’ll find me as tough as those that you teaze for the pipe-water money. Ay, Mr. Grounds, and as sour as the worst slash of small beer you ever brewed—take that, now, my greyhound.

Sir Harcourt—Well, but Davy, what did you mean by jumping on the table?

M’Cleary—Why, when the ‘Glorious Memory’ was given, Sir Harcourt, d’ye see, I was top-heavy in the middle of the hurra’s. Some one cried out, ‘The Memory of David M’Kinlay. Now, the names were so like, and the men so like, that just then I thought myself *transmogrified* into the old Enniskillener, and so stood up to thank them.

Sir Harcourt—Very fair; and, indeed, the names are very much alike.

Codey—The difference is trifling: knock out an E, or an L, and all’s right.

Sutter—I don’t know what an E may do, but with a tailor an L makes a great difference; an L, in the way of cabbage—eh! Davy!

M’Cleary—Be aisy, now. I’m sorry

I shouted, or stood up at the dinner. Indeed, my missus said I made an old woman of myself.

Sutter—That’s nonsense, Davy; you’re neither man nor woman: you know a tailor’s of the neuter gender, I think.

Codey—I was at the dinner, and I must say that nothing amused me more than the visible fidgettings of Tyndall, evidently out of his element, sitting there among a few persons of rank, and striving with all his might to play off the gentleman. Oh, lord, how the term, ‘My Lord,’ is misapplied, when applied to such creatures.

Sutter—And the sheriffs—

Codey—Oh, ay! I didn’t observe Yates; but that big cake of a fellow, Bunn, made me laugh: he sat in his chair as stiff and as hot as if he had been swathed round with a bundle of his own blankets.

Onmes—Ha! ha! poor Bunn.

Sutter—But what is to become of the two sheriffs through their year of office, without the protection of the late perpetual sub, Nicholas Murray, alias Mansfield? He has actually blackbeamed them; he has discharged his masters, for he coolly tells the public that he’s not connected with them.

Lamprey—Well done, Mansfield. Now, when I was sheriff—

Sir Harcourt—Say no more about it. We all know what a figure you cut.

Enter Doctor Tighe Gregory, Billy Stephens, and George Kelly.

Sir Harcourt—Welcome, gentlemen! Where have ye been till this hour?

Gregory—We were piously employed, my dear Sir Harcourt. We

were in Abbey Street, listening to Mr. Smith's sermons for sailors.

Sir Harcourt—Well, what were they like?

Gregory—Like nothing that I ever heard before. Oh, sir, we dull ministers of the establishment know nothing of our trade: it is he that has the real knack of humouring a congregation.

Kelly—His way of explaining scriptural passages is quite new. I shall give you a sample. The crowd of sailors were around him. The Lord, said he 'is a Man of War:' so sayeth the inspired writers. Now, my friends, that plainly means a king's ship; that is to say, an armed vessel, in which vessel you seek and find the Lord. The Lord, he is a man-of-war; that is, my brethren, a first-rate, or a seventy-four, as the case may be. Now, from other passages, we learn that the Lord dwelleth in clouds and darkness; that he moves upon the wings of the whirlwind, and walketh upon the waters. A first-rate does all this: then you see, my brethren, that the Lord is a man-of-war.

M'Cleary—Very clear reasoning.

THE SEA SAINTS.

Cease rude priests! ye blustering railers,
List ye lubbers unto me;
Come ye landmen, come ye sailors,
Hear how saints get on at sea.
From drunken vapours first in motion,
When the holy ravings rise,
To the storms of mad devotion,
Quaking, preaching, cant and lies.

He didn't follow the original regularly, for he seemed to pass two or three stanzas.

'Our souls are gone!' cried every tongue out,
The devil grasps us by the neck;
A leak in each weak part has sprung out,
Weep! or all must go to wreck.
Tear the tempter's web to pieces,
In the Lord's own cause be bold;
Grace is coming, light increases,

The preacher raised his voice suddenly—

Get some plates the pence to hold.

This hint was enough for me—I knew what the fellow's object was all along, so I urged the Doctor to come away.

Sir Harcourt—You did right, sir. But have any of you been to hear Wolf, the wonderful missionary?

Sutter—Wonderful he is, indeed! Wonderful are his stories,

Lamprey—Indeed, and so it is, Davy.

Kelly—Then he told a story of his riding towards Liverpool, when he overtook a farmer on a jaded horse. The horse, by some chance, discovered that the new comer had the Bible in his pocket, and at once there appeared a miracle. The poor beast instantly forgot his fatigue, and set off in a gallop for the town. The preacher actually frightened him, not from his oats as they say, but to it. He gave this story as an illustration of some point in hand.

M'Cleary—Och! he's a holy man! We must have him among us!

Sir Harcourt—No, Davy, we will allow none of these self-dubbed reverends here. I'm too staunch an establishment man for that.

Kelly—But the way, Sir Harcourt, in which this amphibious preacher wound up the business, was the best of all. After telling them that they must subscribe for building a second floating chapel, he paused, and then desired the sailors, and all others present, to join him in a hymn. It struck me as a sort of holy parody on Inledon's favourite, 'The Storm.' I call it

and wonderful is his assurance.

Gregory—Why, old Joanna's 'Book of Wonders' was nothing to Wolf's journal. 'Sir John Mandeville's Travels' are not more thickly studded with the marvellous. Munchausen is but a fool to him; but he is a 'genuine' believer, after all, he's of the right 'No-Popery' school.

You remember the Syrian christians. He speaks of the *cursing* christians—regular true blues. Five times in each day they curse Mahomet, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, and all his wives. Five times in each day they also curse the Pope, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, and all his concubines.

Omnes—Bravo!

M'Cleary—Come, let us join them. Curse away!

Gregory—Davy! respect my cloth.

M'Cleary—I told you before, Doctor, it's my cloth. Come, cursed be—

Sir Harcourt—Order, Davy, order!

Stephens—Mr. Wolf was mighty pressing on me to go with him a preaching to Palestine. He said I had something Jewish in my looks. The Daws say so too. Now, as I say in my Paper—

Codey—For Heaven's sake, Billy, be quiet; the less you say about your Paper the better. But, Sir Harcourt, don't you think Doctor Doyle was right in keeping this Wolf at arm's length. He merely wanted to get into the Doctor's dwelling as a spy. He would have invented stories; and from being in the house, could give time and place for every thing. Sure, he says he lived with Prince Hohenloe, and saw him drink.

Sir Harcourt—Had he Sneyd's 1811?—Eh!

Codey—I think not. This missionary, however, is a queer fellow; yet he gulls the saints rarely. Those who would laugh at a plain story told by a priest, will believe any nonsense told them by this wandering jew, this member of no church!

Sir Harcourt—Strange inconsistency!

Codey—I must say, my friend, that I dislike fellows of this kind. I would from my own feeling sooner plead the cause of popery, but interest points to another road. My patrons, the orange aristocracy, the parsons and the bishops, will cherish any sort of nonsense in the shape of religion, so that it does not emanate from Rome. It is my business to see which way the cat jumps, and I write accordingly.

Sir Harcourt—Then all your 'gracious Gods' and 'gracious Heavens,'

and all that about the danger of the church, is but flummery, eh?

Codey—Nothing more! And it is the same with the Sheehans and other folks.

Sir Harcourt—This Wolf says he is a native of Germany.

Codey—Aye, and the son of a Rabbi.

Lamprey—Yes; that means robber, in English, does'nt it, Mr. Codey?

Sir Harcourt—Be quiet, my dear knife-grinder.

Codey—To shew you, Sir Harcourt, what my private opinion of this holy quack is, I will just read you a little scrap which I wrote out a few evenings ago. If I dared to publish it in the 'Warder' I would. No matter. Do you remember Moore's song relative to Miss Curran, 'She's far from the land.'

Sir Harcourt—Oh! yes.

Codey—Well, this is not quite of so melancholy a character, though written in the same measure.

Stephens—They'll say I wrote this too, I suppose. God bless me! how troublesome a literary reputation is. Every clever thing that appears is fastened upon Billy Stephens. I wrote Doctor Doyle's last Pastoral; I wrote Shiel's speech at Dundalk; I wrote the Reports for the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; I wrote the Lord Lieutenant's Character of Alderman Abbott; I edited 'Captain Rock.' It's idle to deny it; they all say Billy is the oracle of trade, the light of the city. Indeed some think I could have put out Grattan, if I stood at the last election. But the Daws, the Daws! I must go. Where's the door? Where's the waiter? Where's the bottle? Where's the use of all the candles here? There were only four when we came in, and here, now, we've got eight—ten, aye, a dozen. Where's the door?—(Exit.)

Sir Harcourt—Poor Billy seems to be a little disguis'd—but he's a harmless slob.

Gregory—You would have laugh'd to see him at the Meeting-house with Kelly and I; his heart was evidently softened before we entered; but when the preacher began, poor Bill, after crossing himself most popishly,

kept groaning, repeating 'Mea Culpa, and thumping his breast as if he were hammering away at an anvil. *Codey*—Oh! a mere trifle! but *Sir Harcourt*—Very well. But here it is.—(*Reads.*)

THE WANDERING JEW.

'A Wolf, a Wolf.'

He is far from the land where the old Rabbi sleeps,
And saints all around him are sighing;
But still to the old Rabbi's practice he keeps,
For he brings in 'de moneesh' by lying.
He lives by his wits, 'faith it won't be denied,
No stale silly rules seem to bind him;
'Catch all that you can,' is the text that must guide,
And he'll stick to that text, never mind him.
He tells the wild tale of his preachings and pains,
The wonder of weak ones awaking;
But little they think, while he boasts or complains,
How his sides with sly laughter are shaking.
Go! make him a suit of M'Cleary's best;
To buy it, go beg or go borrow,
And he'll steer off in style from this isle of the west,
And leave all its swaddler's in sorrow,

Sir Harcourt—By the boot of Nimrod but that's very well. But, my dear *Codey*, wasn't it great impudence of the fellow to ask two shillings a piece from those who wished to hear him recite his nonsense at the Rotunda?

Codey—A regular trick of trade. Money is the grand object after all with these canters. Instead of paying two shillings, I dropt him a little epistle, to the following effect:—

ENTRANCE MONEY.

So Wolf, my dear, you venture here,
Our pockets thus to rifle;
But faith, good Joe, we Irish know,
Two hogs are not a trifle.
Aye, when you dine, a pint of wine
Two hogs would buy to cheer you;
So prate away, at home I'll stay,
Let fops and fools go hear you.

M'Cleary—Really, Mister *Codey*, you've a pretty namby pamby knack of rhyming; and, d'ye see me, I think you're mending. But have you heard what the taylors are about?

Codey—No.

M'Cleary—Why, sir, as the 'Dublin and London' has given such notoriety, as Cicero says, to the 'order of the goose,' they in pure gratitude intend inviting the Editor to a public dinner here. They are doing more; they are to present him with a superb travelling coat, with the decorations of the new order splendidly worked on it. I am the builder of the garment. Here's the letter of invitation. (*Reads.*) 'To the highly-gifted, the high-minded, the fearless, the fa-

cetious, conductor of the 'Dublin and London Magazine.'

Gregory—Stop, Davy, stop! This reminds me of a letter, or rather a remonstrance, I've in my pocket; it is dated from Flea Lane, Cavan, and signed P. Wiley.

Omnes—Wiley! Wiley! Wiley!

(*The door opens, and a head is thrust in.*)

Head—Did you call me? Here stands the ghost of poor Wiley! Oh! boys, boys, you've ruined me; and you'll ruin all that have any thing to do with you.

Sir Harcourt—As a minister, let me exorcise him.—Presto! Begone! Avaunt thou ghastly apparition!

(*The Head retires, and the company breaks up.*)

THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIC, ESQ.



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